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THE CATHEDRALS OF GREAT BRITAIN } By Post, 6½d.



Photo Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

REDVAN PASHA, PREFECT OF STAMBOUL.



Photo Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

SAID PASHA, EX-GRAND VIZIER OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.



Photo Abdullah Frères, Constantinople.

NAZIM PASHA, TURKISH MINISTER OF POLICE.



CENTRAL POLICE STATION, STAMBOUL, IN THE COURTYARD OF WHICH WOUNDED PRISONERS ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN BAYONETTED AND BEATEN TO DEATH.

THE RIOTS IN STAMBOUL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The recent case of the young lady at Brighton who suddenly lost her memory—every scrap of it—though rare, is by no means, of course, unparalleled. Her remark that she “could not imagine why she came to Brighton” is one that is often made by those who return without benefit from the seaside; but her statement that she had “no idea how she got there” was unusual. There have even been persons habitually subject to these attacks, and exceedingly inconvenient they must have found them to be. Dr. Nevins, in his “Disorders of the Brain,” tells us of a young lady who went to meet her lover, whom she expected by the coach, and found instead an old friend who came to tell her of his sudden death. She cried out in piteous accents, “He is dead,” and then all was blank to her. “Daily, for fifty years, did this unfortunate woman traverse in all seasons the distance of a few miles to the spot where she still expected to meet her future husband, and every day uttered in a plaintive voice, ‘He is not come yet, I will return to-morrow.’” That was the sole recollection of her life. In Beck’s “Medical Jurisprudence” there is a curiously similar account of a young clergyman who two days before his marriage went out snipe-shooting with a friend, who shot him in the forehead. He survived, but with the total loss of memory of all but one thing. “The event that was to have taken place became the sole topic of his thoughts and talk; till at eighty he gently slid into the grave.”

It is not, however, shocks alone which produce loss of memory; fever and other bodily ailments have the same effect. It seems certain, as De Quincey observes, that “there is no such thing as forgetting,” though what is seen or heard may not have been taken notice of at the time, or may have afterwards, so to speak, dropped out of its pigeon-hole. While some sources of recollection are suddenly closed, others in quite unexpected quarters are opened, and by the same means. A woman-servant, twenty-five years old, who could neither read nor write, began, in the paroxysm of fever, to repeat, “fluently and pompously, passages of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.” This astonished even the faculty. But it afterwards appeared that in earlier days a learned clergyman with whom she lived had been in the habit of daily perambulating his house repeating aloud the very passages she uttered in her fever. Hebrew appears to be the language affected by persons who have forgotten everything else, for Dr. Gregory tells us of a patient of his who, labouring under an affection of the brain, could talk only in that tongue. Another physician writes of a lady who after a fit of apoplexy could only speak French; but as he omits to tell us whether she was not a Frenchwoman, this does not appear so very remarkable. The most curious instance is one mentioned by Cuvier, in his lectures, of a person who for some weeks lost the power of remembering substantives but could recall all his adjectives as usual. The conversation of the inhabitants of Whitechapel is often very similar, except that they have only one adjective repeated over and over again. Another patient could for a long time only remember the word *No*, “a very good word,” as was cynically observed by a paterfamilias often asked for cheques, “if it must needs be one’s only one.”

As to the ordinary loss of memory produced by advancing years, it is strange how proper names are always the first to go; even those of our intimate friends often temporarily vanish—which, when we are about to introduce them to strangers, is rather embarrassing. Next to them, to judge from my own experience, are synonyms: this is inconvenient in literary composition, and necessitates the frequent use of the “Thesaurus.” What is very unfortunate, this only makes matters worse, for there is nothing more certain than that the constant use of helps to memory causes its destruction. By constantly referring to a “ready reckoner” persons have been known to have destroyed all power of calculation. On the other hand, nothing so strengthens the memory as the exercise of it; and when this is not intermitted, but kept up as in youth, we find that, as in the late Mr. Brandram’s case, old age is no bar to the most perfect recollection. Indeed, it is probable, as Sydney Smith observes, that the decay of memory in old men probably proceeds as frequently from the very little interest they take in what is passing around them as from any mental decay. Sir Benjamin Brodie held the same opinion: “The old man is not stimulated by ambition as when he felt that he had many years of life before him. He has probably withdrawn from his former pursuits, and has substituted no others for them; and we know that the mind, as well as the body, requires constant exercise to keep it in a healthy state.”

The President of the Royal Meteorological Society has been destroying our illusions as regards the weather. There is no such thing, he tells us, as a weather prophet, or if there is he is no more to be believed than a Turf tipster. Even the shooting of our corns is not to be relied on as a prognostic, though I suppose a rheumatic patient may still be allowed to say—or scream—that we are going to have rain. Neither sun nor moon, says this contemptuous man of science, has anything to do with the weather, as to which, as I well remember, a certain learned judge once expressed himself to the same effect, though in a different manner. A friend of mine, whom we will call

Jones, was High Sheriff of Worcestershire when Maule and Coleridge (the elder) came to Tewkesbury for the assizes. Everybody was afraid of Maule, and Jones’s knees knocked together at the thought of entertaining that very freespoken judge. As the three drove home together after the day’s work there was a great silence, for Maule was not in a humour for talk, and he generally got his way. Jones, however, thought he ought to make himself agreeable, and presently observed that he hoped there would be now less rain, as there was a new moon that night. “And are you such a fool as to believe,” said Maule contemptuously, “that the moon has any influence upon the weather?” Jones was so staggered at the notion of being called a fool by his honoured guest that he said nothing; but Coleridge, the soft spoken, hastily interfered in his behalf. “Really, brother Maule, you are rather hard upon our friend Jones; I, for my part, think that the moon has a very considerable effect on the weather.” “Then you are as great a fool as Jones is” was the uncompromising reply.

I don’t so much care about these aspersions on the moon as for the incredulity expressed by the learned president respecting the signs and tokens of coming weather, which we have all been brought up to believe in, and which have a certain picturesque antiquity about them which one doesn’t like to see flouted by a Meteorological Society. Who has not read and believed, more or less because his experience corroborates them, the tokens of foul weather enumerated by Dr. Darwin?—

The hollow winds begin to blow,
The clouds look black, the glass is low,
The soot falls down, the spaniels sleep,
And spiders from their cobwebs creep.
Last night the sun went pale to bed,
The moon in halos hid her head.
The boding shepherd heaves a sigh,
For see, a rainbow spans the sky!
The walls are damp, the ditches smel’,
Clos’d is the pink-eyed pimpnel,

and so on, till the poet arrives at the conclusion—

‘Twill surely rain, we see’t with sorrow,
No walking in the fields to-morrow.

How often in our youth, when bent upon some outdoor entertainment, have we been encouraged on a wet morning by the lines—

Rain before seven,
Fine before eleven!

Are we to give up all these old-fashioned rhymes and reasons at the bidding of a society of scientific persons who, unable to predict the weather, condemn, like the dog in the manger, the attempts of less sophisticated folk, which hurt nobody and please themselves, to solve the difficulty? Moreover, consider what an enormous cantle is cut out of many good people’s conversation by forbidding them to make forecasts of the weather in their own way.

The latest folly of the professors of character-reading is to accomplish it by the teeth. It is not stated whether this can be done in early youth (which would be very convenient) from our first set. As we grow old we are apt to lose some, which would make the diagnosis more difficult: a very important molar indicative of the highest principles (or of the want of them) may have dropped out. In a French farce, some time ago, the investigation of a lock of hair was supposed to reveal the character and past history of its possessor. A husband, who adored his wife, cut off one of hers under pretence of putting it in a locket, and took it to the diviner, expecting to have a long list of perfections. On the contrary, he was told that the woman to whom it belonged was a sort of a cross between Madame Brinvilliers and Messalina. He returns home in an agony and reproaches the lady, who replies contemptuously, “What is said of my hair may be very true; but it so happens it is a wig,” and throws it at him. A similar mistake might be easily made in tooth-reading: the diagnosis might be true, but not of the person concerned.

A mild offender, who had, however, danced upon the prostrate body of his enemy, protested before a magistrate the other day that his nature was exceptionally peaceful, but that even the meekest of us has, under provocation, “a kick in him.” This is a phrase that no doubt expresses an almost total want of vigour; but, as his Worship observed, kicks vary. Between a kick that suffices to send a piece of orange-peel off the pavement and a kick at a football (or at the referee), there is a considerable difference. Frank Buckland tells us that the three strongest forces in the animal world are: (1) the flap of a whale’s tail, (2) the kick of a giraffe, and (3) the pat of a lion’s paw. Who would have thought, to look at him, that the giraffe had such a kick in him? He is indeed very tall, but, like most very tall persons, of gentle demeanour; he has the spots but not the ferocity of the leopard; he seems to be above taking vengeance upon anybody, as he is above everything else; and he never uses any approach to bad language, for he is the only animal who is really dumb—unable to express himself by any sound whatever. Under these circumstances he is doubtless liable to be “put upon” by his neighbours, just as a man of peace is apt to be treated superciliously by human-kind; but there is danger in both cases: let us be quite sure before we insult people what sort of a kick they may have left in them, and remember “The Conversion of Colonel Quagg” and the giraffe.

It is said that Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. The statement may very likely be libellous. Like our own Henry VIII. and Richard III., some historians represent him as having been misunderstood. Perhaps he had promised to give a performance on the evening in question, and, knowing how greatly it was appreciated, was unwilling to disappoint the public; or he may have known (what is beyond our knowledge) that the place was over-insured, and that the whole affair was a matter of congratulation to the inhabitants. At all events, there are persons nowadays who not only take the misfortunes of other people with the same genial philosophy, but at the same time make money out of them. One of those engaged in the rescue of the unhappy victims of the late Morecambe Pier catastrophe writes to the *Lancaster Observer* that, happening to glance up at the pierhead, he saw several photographers taking “snap-shots” at the struggling crowd in the water. This strikes one as being a little too professional, and is even described by the correspondent in question as “cold-blooded.” It is not, however, unparalleled. At the massacre of St. Bartholomew, we are told that the King took “snap-shots” at his subjects as they fled for their lives from less distinguished assassins.

Almost coincidently with golf, the Scotch dialect has crossed the Border in fiction and been received with rapture by the British public. The “Window in Thrums” vanquished us, and “The Raiders,” “Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,” with other works more difficult to spell, have completed our subjugation. We don’t quite understand it yet; there are strange words that we cannot pronounce, far less conceive their meaning, but we take them in trust from the hand of genius. Little difficulties of this sort await the Saxon in that otherwise admirable tale, “The Men of the Moss Hags,” a Covenanting story that reminds us not a little of “Old Mortality”; but we jump over the break-jaw words with the same ease that William Gordon, pursued by the persecuting dragoons, avoided the quagmires. There is attraction enough to lead us to surmount far greater obstacles. Like an extravagant cook, Mr. Crockett puts so many good things into his dishes that before the feast is done we fear he will have come to the end of his materials; yet when we have finished he has inspired such confidence in us that we believe there is plenty more where they come from. Scarcely ever have I read a book more full of incident and adventure, hand-to-hand fights, pursuits, and escapes. From one point of view it is sad, because history compels the author to give the persecutors the upper hand almost throughout; but he has a much fairer mind than his Covenanting heroes, and gives even Claverhouse his due. His descriptions of others on the same side are sombre enough: Johnstone of Westerhall, for example, and his cruelties to Whig children, is a picture one would like to turn with its face to the wall, in company with that of the martyrdom on Wigton sands; but Wat of Lochinvar redeems them. The portraits of the oppressed sect are still finer, especially those of Auld Arton; Richard Cameron, and the Bull of Erlestown; while amid all the scenes of sorrow and destruction with which the book is crowded, there is a plentiful supply of humour. It is Scotch, of course, but of an unusual kind, and reminds one of the humour of Mr. Blackmore. One of the pleasantest characters in the novel is that of Birsay the cobbler, an old scoundrel who thinks more of increasing the store in his stocking-foot than of giving his testimony in favour of the Effectual Calling or the Reason Annexed—

Birsay had no sense of his personal dishonour, and would tell the most alarming story to his own discredit without wincing in the least. He held it proof of his superior caution that he had always managed to keep his skin safe, and so there was no more to be said.

“Ay, ay,” said Birsay, “these are no canny times to be among the wild hill-folk. Yin wad need to be weel paid for it a’. There’s the twa black McMichaels; they wad think nae mair o’ splatterin’ your harns again the dyke than o’ killing a whutterick. Deil a hair! An’ then, on the ither hand, there’s ill-contrived turncoats like Westerha’, that wad aye be pluff-pluffin’ poother and shot at puir men as if they were puir fowl. An’ he’s no parteecler eunuch ava wha he catches, an’ never will listen to a word. Then, waur than a’, there’s the awesome nichts that the ghaists and warlocks are aboot. I canna bide the nicht ava. God’s daylight is guid eneuch for Birsay, an’ as lang as the sun shiles, there’s nae fear o’ deil or witch-wife gettin’ haud of the puir cobbler chiel! But when the gloamin’ cuddles doon until the lap o’ the nicht, and the corp-cannles lowe i’ the bogs, an’ ye hear the deils lauchin’ and chunnerin’ to themselves in a’ the busses at the roadsides, I declare every stound o’ manhood flees awa’ clean oot o’ Birsay’s heart, an’ he wad like to dee but for thoct o’ the After-come. An’ deed, in the mirk eerie midnight, whether he’s fearder to dee or to leeve, puir Birsay disna ken!”

“But, Birsay,” I said, “ill-doers are aye ill-dreaders. Gin ye were to drap a’ this thievry an’ clash-carryin’ wark, ye wadna be feared o’ man or deil!”

“Weel do I ken,” Birsay said, “that siccan ploys are no for the like o’ me; but, man, ye see, like ither folk, I’m terrible fond o’ the siller. An’ there’s nocht so comfortin’, when a’ thae things are yammerin’ to get haud o’ ye, as the thocht that ye hae a weel-filled stockin’—fit whaur name but yersel can get haud o’!”

And the creature writhed himself in glee and slapped his thigh.

“Yae stockin’ fu’, man,” he said, “an’ tied wi’ a string, an’ the ither begun, an’ as far up as the instep. O man, it’s blythe to think on!”

Upon the whole, I think “The Men of the Moss Hags” is the best work that Mr. Crockett has yet produced, and that is saying a great deal in its favour. He gives us hopes of further adventures. One generally rather shrinks from the notion of “a continuation,” but not in this case.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

CATHEDRALS AND ABBEYS OF ENGLAND.

THIRD SERIES.

With the exception of Westminster Abbey, which from special circumstances preserved its importance through every change of dynasty and religion, the majority of the buildings in this series rank among the cathedral churches of the past. In some cases the subdivision of the older or larger bishoprics has led to the revival of the sees of Beverley and Southwell, and at Oxford the old Cathedral of St. Frideswide has since Wolsey's time been almost lost sight of in the College Chapel, for which it now serves.

Of Westminster Abbey it is unnecessary to speak. Its history externally and internally is the history of England, of its royal pageantry, of its peerage, and of its Parliamentary development. Its foundations date back to the remotest periods of orderly government after the introduction of Christianity, while its towers are no older than the days of Wren. Of the three cathedrals most immediately connected with episcopal sees—Carlisle, Chichester, and St. Asaph—all have within comparatively recent times been restored; and however desirous the restorers may have been to preserve the existing fabric, the work was not undertaken until the ruin had gone too far. In the case of Carlisle, of which the present cathedral only dates from the time of Henry VIII., the townsfolk for two hundred years after his time were too much occupied with looking after their bodily safety to have much time to bestow upon cathedral repairs. Moreover, the influence of Presbyterianism was felt south of the Border, and probably numbed the zeal of Church benefactors. It was not until about forty years ago that the cathedral was restored to anything like its earlier state—which was always massive rather than beautiful. Bath Abbey Church, subjected to other but similar influences, was for a long time neglected, until the late Prebendary Kemble, out of the abundance of his means, restored one of the most interesting specimens of the later Perpendicular, and the magnificent “Jacob's Ladder,” which is the glory of its west front. Of Tewkesbury Abbey, which has often been suggested as the seat of a new bishopric, the tower is justly regarded as one of the finest specimens of Norman architecture in this country. It possesses also some splendid old glass, and the Despencer Chapel, which although inferior in interest to art students to the Percy Shrine in Beverley Minster, is full of historical monuments, carrying the visitor back to the Wars of the Roses. While Hexham Abbey, with its “Fridstool,” or stone seat of safety, bears witness to the need of a sanctuary on the wild northern border, Sherborne Abbey in the extreme south recalls the pioneer monks who carried Christianity into South Devon and Cornwall. In former days, before the Conquest, Sherborne was the seat of a bishopric, subsequently removed to Salisbury; but enough remains of the old Norman porch—the most conspicuous remnant of the old church—to give, by the help of the existing building, some idea of the beauty of the original, which was destroyed by fire in the fifteenth century. Selby Abbey, like Sherborne, has become the parish church, and although never completed, is the most perfect purely monastic building in Yorkshire. It could never have rivalled Fountains, or Jervaulx, or Rievaulx, but it has a dignity of its own in accordance with its now busy surroundings. The exquisite choir and striking Lady-Chapel attest the importance it formerly enjoyed. Wimborne Minster is of even greater interest to the archaeologist and historian, for it marks the various transitions of English architecture in easily traceable steps. Its crypt is probably as old as Æthelred the Unready—or Unwise in Council—who is said to have been buried here; but its singular and beautiful nave and the striking lantern are the most distinguishing features of the interior. Southwell Minster is said to belong to an even more remote antiquity, but the present building is more distinctly Norman than anything else. The interlacing arcade of the nave, the separation of the nave from the aisles, and the exquisite screen are among its chief attractions.

Although the minsters and abbey churches of England still remain, they have for the most part become parish churches, and it is only where local interest is supported by generous benefactions that the features of the original buildings have been preserved. It has been the object of this series to stimulate a desire to make these truly national monuments better known and appreciated; and possibly on some future occasion it will be found that there is need for another series to show that fine ecclesiastical buildings are still existing scattered over the country to bear witness to the wealth and the energy of the English under the Norman and Plantagenet kings, and not altogether checked by the more domestic tastes of the Tudors.

THE ARMENIAN CRISIS IN TURKEY.

The deplorable massacre of a number of Armenian residents in the city of Constantinople by infuriated bands of rioters—led on by the “Softas,” or low-class retainers and pensioners of certain Mussulman divinity colleges—was described last week. These ferocious and sanguinary outrages, which have cost at least three hundred lives of unoffending people in the city and its suburbs, were

apparently occasioned by a conflict between the armed police and the somewhat turbulent party of Armenian political agitators going in procession, against the advice of their Patriarch, to make a demonstration at the Porte, the Imperial Government offices. The police were not the aggressors, so far as the circumstances are known; but when attacked by the Armenians, who refused to disperse, they used their bayonets in self-defence; in any case, public order was in a way to be restored without vindictive cruelty, until the outbreak, some hours later, of fresh violence, perpetrated either by gangs of enraged Mussulman fanatics, or, more probably, by mere ruffians and robbers, seeking an excuse to plunder the Armenian houses and shops; for there is no more industrious and thrifty class in the capital and the chief towns of Turkey. The police certainly did not then give to the Armenians that protection which was needed, and there is too much reason to suspect that persons in high official authority were indifferent and inert from a motive of hostility towards the Armenians, or from a disposition to allow them to suffer ill-treatment, since they had openly affronted the Sultan's Government by their attitude of insubordination. It may be, however, that mere feebleness and timidity, in presence of the rising fury of the Mohammedan zealots and the rabble assembled for deeds of havoc, paralysed the Turkish Ministers and their subordinates, causing them to delay action until all the worst mischief was done.

On Wednesday, Oct. 9, the third day of the riots, the six Ambassadors of the European Powers, who had on the first day presented to the Porte a collective note, demanding the restoration of order and the suppression of those cruelties already described, were successful in compelling the Ministry to interfere with some little



KIAMIL PASHA, NEW GRAND VIZIER OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

effect. There were about one hundred of the Mussulman rioters then in custody of the police, while three thousand defenceless Armenians, mostly women and children, had sought refuge in the churches of their religion, and in the precincts of the Patriarch's residence. The Ambassadors undertook to employ their Dragomans, or privileged official interpreters, who are very dignified and influential personages, with their “cawasses,” or guards, to escort the poor Armenians from those sanctuaries to their own homes, where safety was assured to them. This was managed with great skill and tact, and the Armenians in Constantinople have not since been molested.

We give the portraits of Said Pasha, the late Grand Vizier, who has been obliged to resign that great office, but is now Minister of Foreign Affairs; Kiamil Pasha, the new Grand Vizier, a statesman of much higher character; the Minister of Police, Nazim Pasha; and the Prefect or Governor of Stamboul, Redvan Pasha, with a view of the central police-station at Stamboul. The reader is probably aware that Stamboul is the proper Turkish city, and here is the Porte. Galata is the most frequented commercial business quarter, where many Greeks, Armenians, Jews, and foreign traders congregate daily; and Pera, beyond the Golden Horn inlet of the Bosphorus, is the residence of Europeans. The Armenians dwell mostly on the south side of Constantinople, on the shore of the Sea of Marmora; and here is Koun Kapou, with their Cathedral and Patriarchate. But many were killed in the bazaars at Galata, and at Kassim Pasha, near Pera, whither they had fled for protection.

Another scene of fierce conflict within the last few days is the seaport town of Trebizond, on the Black Sea coast, the nearest port to Erzerum and to the Armenian provinces. It is a place rather celebrated in history, and was visited by the British fleet during the Crimean War. On Sept. 20, there was sharp fighting at Trebizond, and two hundred Armenians were killed or wounded.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

I am beginning to think that our ancestors were right who bound up their farces in one neat and compact little volume. As a general rule, a three-act farce is a mistake. And it must be remembered that the best of them—“Charley's Aunt,” “The Private Secretary,” “Confusion,” and so on—had in them a very marked comedy element. You cannot get much better models for farces than “Box and Cox,” “The Spitalfields Weaver,” “Ici on Parle Français,” or “The Boots at the Swan,” which, by the way, would admirably suit Mr. Weedon Grossmith when next he gives a triple bill. No, “Poor Mr. Potton” is not at all a bad farce in its way. It is smartly written, contains some very amusing scenes, and, unlike most three-act farces, leads to pantomime rather than to comedy. But it starts at fever heat and ends in a rally. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is a host in himself, and is never weary of representing the very tragedy of despair and mental worry. Here the pathetic little gentleman is pestered by a bouncing blonde widow, who not only wants to marry him straight off, but to expose him to the annoyance of three cantankerous grown-up children, who have no desire for a step-father, however diminutive. The principal ring-leaders of this family opposition are Miss May Palfrey, who looks delightful in her bicycle costume, and young Mr. Tom Terriss, who is prepared to punch anyone's head on the slightest provocation.

Mr. John Beauchamp, abandoning his accepted line of well-dressed and precise old gentlemen, pads himself out and appears as a beer-swilling pipe-smoking old German with amorous proclivities. A small part of a cheeky servant—we have had many of them, but few as good as this—is capitally played by Miss Beet. But after the phenomenal success of “Charley's Aunt”—that marvellous play which is claimed by at least half-a-dozen authors, all of whom are supposed to have done for it the exact thing that turned a failure into a success—it would be rash to speculate on the career of these farcical reprobes. At any time they may turn up trumps.

Popular audiences at the Princess's seem to appreciate cheap prices and constant changes of programme. In fact, like the Grand Theatre at Islington, the Princess's is being worked on the provincial system, and welcomes stars of all sorts with plays new or old. Mr. Charles Glenney, a capital melodramatic actor, is in great favour in Oxford Street just now, and so is Mr. Arthur Shirley, the melodramatic author of the future. “Saved from the Sea” having been exhausted, they have revived one of Mr. Shirley's earlier works, “Lion's Heart,” in which Mr. Glenney appears as a tamer of lions, whose wife and child have been stolen from him, maddening the stalwart fellow to fierce revenge. All through the play the heroic and picturesque Glenney, who combines in his attire the accredited costume of a bushranger, Buffalo Bill, Belphegor, and the Silver King, with a dash of cricketer and football-player thrown in, is longing to get at the throat of his terrified enemy. In order to do so he travels from Paris to England, from England to the South of France, and from there to New Caledonia, where he “nabs” him. The drama is fierce and exciting; and conventional though

it may be, the audience is never tired of applauding and laughing at a couple of comic lovers, who are always doing the most outrageous things and turning up in impossible places.

Mr. Clifford Harrison, to the delight of his innumerable friends, is well enough to start a new series of autumn recitals at the Steinway Hall. The first, last Saturday afternoon, attracted a crowded and deeply sympathetic audience. For my own poor part, I know of no existing entertainment that affords such a rare intellectual treat. As a reciter, without the gush, affectation, and sickening “pose” of the ordinary reciter, Mr. Clifford Harrison has no rival. He has the rare art of making whatever poem, or portion of a poem, that he recites come home to the hearts and minds of his audience. From time to time he adds effect to the delivery of the poem by a beautiful musical accompaniment on the piano, which seems to emphasise the poet's meaning. Then, again, without any effort, the sentimentalist becomes the humorist, and we see that in this dreamy and impassioned gentleman there is a very rare but extremely pungent force of fun. Besides, he is a poet on his own account, as all know who have read his “Hours of Leisure,” containing “The Bells of Is,” “Carcassonne,” and, best of all, “The Hour before the Dawn,” a noble poem. He has recently added still another fancy, “The Song that has no Sound,” which he turns into one of his most effective musical illustrations. Mr. Clifford Harrison has around him a troop of devoted friends, who swear by him, and the strange part of it is that once a man or woman of intelligence has been attracted or taken to Steinway Hall, they are instantly at the heels of the modern Pied Piper of Hamelin. In all my experience, this is, to me, the best and most grateful entertainment I have ever witnessed. It is not for the eye merely; it is for the mind. It is not for an isolated sense; it is for the soul.



TREBIZOND, THE SCENE OF THE ARMENIAN MASSACRE.



TYPES OF SOFTAS (MOHAMMEDAN STUDENTS).

LIFE-BOAT SATURDAY IN MANCHESTER.

It is the custom in Manchester, as we have noticed on former occasions, for the local supporters of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution—Mr. Macara being their well-known leader and chairman of the committee—to get up a grand annual procession, which stimulates the



LIFE-BOAT IN ALBERT SQUARE.

pecuniary liberality of their fellow-citizens, yielding last year a contribution of £700 to the funds of the Institution in London. This demonstration, on Saturday, Oct. 12, was very picturesque and effective, comprising *tableaux vivants* of significant device, the costumed figures of Britannia, Father Neptune, and Grace Darling; Newhaven fishwives from the Firth of Forth; several life-boats on carriages, including the *Worcester Cadet*, manned by a crew



NEWHAVEN FISHWIVES AND GIRLS WHO CAME TO MANCHESTER FOR THE PROCESSION.



FANCY-DRESS CYCLISTS READY TO JOIN THE PROCESSION.



TAKING SNAP-SHOTS FROM A LAMP-POST IN MARKET STREET.

from Beaumaris, and the *Catherine Stewart*, with the Lytham crew; a company of antique morris-dancers, from Hyde and Horwich; a set of collapsible life-boats, "manned" by little girls with tambourines; the Manchester and Salford fire brigades, companies of Volunteer infantry, military bands, cyclists, troops of postmen and telegraph boys in uniform, and diverse other features of a grand parade.



THE PROCESSION.



NEWHAVEN FISHWIVES AND GIRLS COLLECTING MONEY.

They marched from the Town Hall, in Albert Square, by way of Cross Street, Market Street, Piccadilly, Mosley Street, Oxford Road, and Stretford Road, to Old Trafford, and assembled there in the Botanical Gardens, where a series of entertainments—gymnastic, musical, and other performances—with grand illuminations at night, completed the festival in good style. Our Illustrations are from photographs by Mr. R. Banks, of Manchester.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen is at Balmoral, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, with Prince Henry of Battenberg, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and her daughter, Princess Victoria. Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia have left on their return to Germany. The Queen on Tuesday laid the foundation-stone of the new house to be built at Deeside for the Duke and Duchess of Fife, in place of New Mar Lodge, burnt down last year.

The Prince of Wales, after visiting the Earl and Countess of Warwick at Dunmow, Essex, went on Monday to Yorkshire, on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Vyner, at Newbury Hall, Thirsk.

Princess Adolphus of Teck gave birth to a son on Friday, and the mother and child are well.

The British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society held a public meeting at the Mansion House on Monday, Mr. Arthur Pease, M.P., in the chair, to consider the question of slavery under the British Protectorate in Zanzibar and Pemba. Mr. Donald Mackenzie, recently engaged as Special Commissioner to examine the condition of the East African labourers on the plantations of those islands, made a full statement of the facts. Resolutions were passed urging her Majesty's Government to procure the abolition of slavery there. It appears that the number of slaves is officially reckoned at 75,000 by the British Consul, but Mr. Mackenzie's estimate is greater, and he describes much cruel treatment of them. About 6000 are yearly imported from the mainland of Africa.

A testimonial from the women of England to Sir James Stansfeld, the veteran advocate of their political and social rights, was presented to him on Tuesday at the Westminster Town Hall.

The strike of engineers and other skilled workmen, to the number of 3000, in four of the large iron ship-building establishments at Belfast, is much to be regretted. There have been rumours that it would occasion a lock-out of the union men (Amalgamated Society of Engineers) on the Clyde, by the understanding between the employers there and those of Belfast. This result, however, has not yet taken place.

A report of the Labour Department of the Board of Trade for the month of September shows a certain diminution in the number of the unemployed in almost every industry, but especially in the engineering and kindred trades. Forty-four disputes, affecting 7400 persons altogether, then remained to be settled.

The London County Council on Tuesday decided to undertake the clearing away of the decayed, overcrowded, and unwholesome network of lanes and slums between Clare Market and the lower end of Drury Lane; also that of a squalid remnant of Somers Town.

A request has been addressed to the London County Council by the London Trades Council, the Watermen's and Lightermen's Union, and other associations, that something should be done to improve the service of London passenger steam-boats on the Thames, which has greatly declined and deteriorated in the past twenty or thirty years. The River Committee of the County Council has undertaken to consider this subject.

The Parliamentary Committee of the London County Council now recommends that the question of purchasing and managing the Water Companies' works by a public authority shall be referred to Government.

The Free Labour Congress at Newcastle, concluding its deliberations last week, passed an emphatic condemnation upon the Trades Union Congress for having endeavoured last year to force Parliament to pass the Employers' Liability Act with the clause for bidding the option of "contracting out," which was rejected by the House of Lords.

The Incorporated Law Society (of solicitors) has held its annual meeting at Liverpool. It resolved that the Long Vacation ought to be abolished, and that the Courts at Manchester and Liverpool ought to sit continually all the year round.

The Chester Town Council has approved of a scheme, jointly to be undertaken with the Chester Waterworks Company, for constructing sluices to improve the condition of the river Dee just above that town.

Tunbridge Wells has nearly completed its works for electric lighting of the streets and supply of the light for private use. These were inaugurated on Oct. 9, by the Mayor, Sir David Salomons, and Lady Salomons performed the act of switching on the new light.

The Richmond Town Council is negotiating with the Dysart Trustees for the acquisition of the Petersham meadows as a public recreation-ground, with some new public footpaths to Petersham and Ham along the banks of the Thames.

The Dover Corporation has resolved to lay down tramways for electric motion cars along three or four miles of thoroughfares at a cost of about £50,000.

Southend has made a profit of £3000 on the last season's tolls of its pier, equivalent to an eightpenny rate, covering all the charges of the Borough Fund and those of the School Board.

The Emperor of Austria has been visiting Agram, the capital of Croatia, which received him loyally, but there was a disturbance about the Servian flag.

The German Emperor William II, before leaving Berlin for Lorraine and Alsace had an interview, accompanied by Prince Hohenlohe, Chancellor of the German Empire, with the Russian Foreign Minister of State, Prince Lobanoff, on his return journey from France to St. Petersburg. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Emperor William and the Empress arrived at the Château of Urville, near Courcelles. They would on Friday, Oct. 18, unveil the monument in honour of the Emperor William I. on the battlefield at Wörth, in Alsace, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, the King of Württemberg, the Grand Duke of Baden, and other German princes. Strasburg, as well as Metz, will be visited by the Emperor on this occasion.

The French conquest in Madagascar has much gratified the Parisians. It seems that the account of it received last week needs a few corrections. Sept. 30, not Sept. 27, was the day of the actual capture of Antananarivo. The Hova army of 15,000 men, during three days, contested the French advance at several places within nine miles of the city; but the French loss in fighting was no more than seven killed and fifty wounded. General Metzinger, who with General Voyron led the attack, has been appointed military governor of Antananarivo. Queen Ranavalona and her husband, the Minister-Regent, have submitted to a French Protectorate. They did not leave the palace at Antananarivo. The Minister has been put under a French guard. The Commander-in-Chief, General Duchesne, is expected soon to come home to France.

concerning the massacre of the English lady missionaries and family of the Rev. Mr. Stewart. The British Consul at Foo-Chow, Mr. Mansfield, has returned thither in order to see these official instructions fully performed. The judges of the court and the local governor will proceed with the execution of seventeen more of the prisoners convicted of having taken part in the massacre. Fifty or sixty of them have already been put to death. It remains to discover the original instigators and the concealed abettors of that enormous crime.

THE OLDEST BRITISH ADMIRAL.

The death, in his ninety-eighth year, of Admiral Sir Lewis Tobias Jones, who entered the naval service, as a "midshipmite," at the age of ten, on New Year's Day, 1808, severs one of the links, now become so rare, between this time and that of the great French war; but we have personally known a retired lieutenant who, like Tom Tough in Dibdin's ballad, "sailed with Howe and Jervis," and was present at Rodney's great battle over a hundred years ago, when Nelson was a child. Longevity among those sturdy old fighting seamen of the floating "wooden walls of Old England," if they luckily escaped the enemy's shot, and retired to peaceful home life, was probably favoured by the hardening effects of their early experiences on board ship. It is said that the late Admiral Jones enjoyed perfectly robust health during his whole life, except one touch of ague

on the West Coast of Africa. He was too late for Trafalgar, but his active services, ending in 1864, were various and widely extended over the globe, in the diverse complications of British foreign, colonial, and protective or preventive applications of maritime force. In the war with France under Napoleon, he assisted to disperse the gun-boat flotilla off Boulogne, and to land the British army on Walcheren Island that was to have besieged Antwerp, but that was unfortunately wasted by neglect of sanitary arrangements. In 1814, on board the *Medway*, a seventy-four gun ship, he aided to capture in the Atlantic one of the American vessels of war; and in 1816 was present at Lord Exmouth's bombardment of Algiers, where he was slightly wounded. After serving as Midshipman on board many different ships, he became Lieutenant in 1822, and was sent for two years to the North American station. In 1838 he was promoted to the rank of Commander, on board the *Princess Charlotte*, of 104 guns, the flag-ship of Admiral Sir Robert Stopford in the Mediterranean, and took part in the operations of 1840 on the coast of Syria. For these services he was made a Post-Captain, but got no further active employment until 1847, when he took command of the steam-frigate *Penelope*, on the West African coast, and was engaged four years in the work of suppressing the slave trade; he captured Lagos in December 1850. In the Crimean War Captain Jones was senior officer of the naval division that bombarded Odessa, and, commanding H.M.S. *Samson*, aided in the attack on the forts of Sebastopol and in the blockade of that port. He became Rear-Admiral in 1859, and hoisted his flag on board the *Impérieuse* as second in command on the East India and China station, taking part in the Chinese War of 1860. The honour of knighthood was conferred upon him, and he held appointments at home, attaining the rank of Vice-Admiral before his final retirement in 1870. He had passed forty-two years of his life actually in sea service, which is a pretty good record.

As winter approaches, the indoor attractions of the Empire of India Exhibition at Earl's Court will obtain more ample recognition than they have yet received. Its collection of pictures is noteworthy from many points of view. Mr. Walter Duncan and Mr. R. W. Allan (both members of the R.W.S.), Mrs.

Murray Cookesley, Mr. Reginald Barratt, and Herr Fischer are among the best-known professional artists who contribute numerous pictures of Indian life and scenery. In addition, there are scores of works of more than average merit lent by draughtsmen like Dr. Burgess, Colonel Durand, Mr. R. T. Pritchett, and others who have lived long in the country or on its coasts, and have become familiar with its special features. Mr. J. T. Nettleship sends an imposing collection of pictures of wild animals, painted with his well-known knowledge of their habits. The Earl of Northbrook has lent the original drawings illustrating the visit of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to India, executed by Mr. William Simpson, who went as special artist for this Journal, in the pages of which they were reproduced. The most interesting, as well as the most important, series of pictures, however, are those of Mr. E. L. Weeks, an American artist trained in Paris, who has passed several years in India.

THE ALBUM.

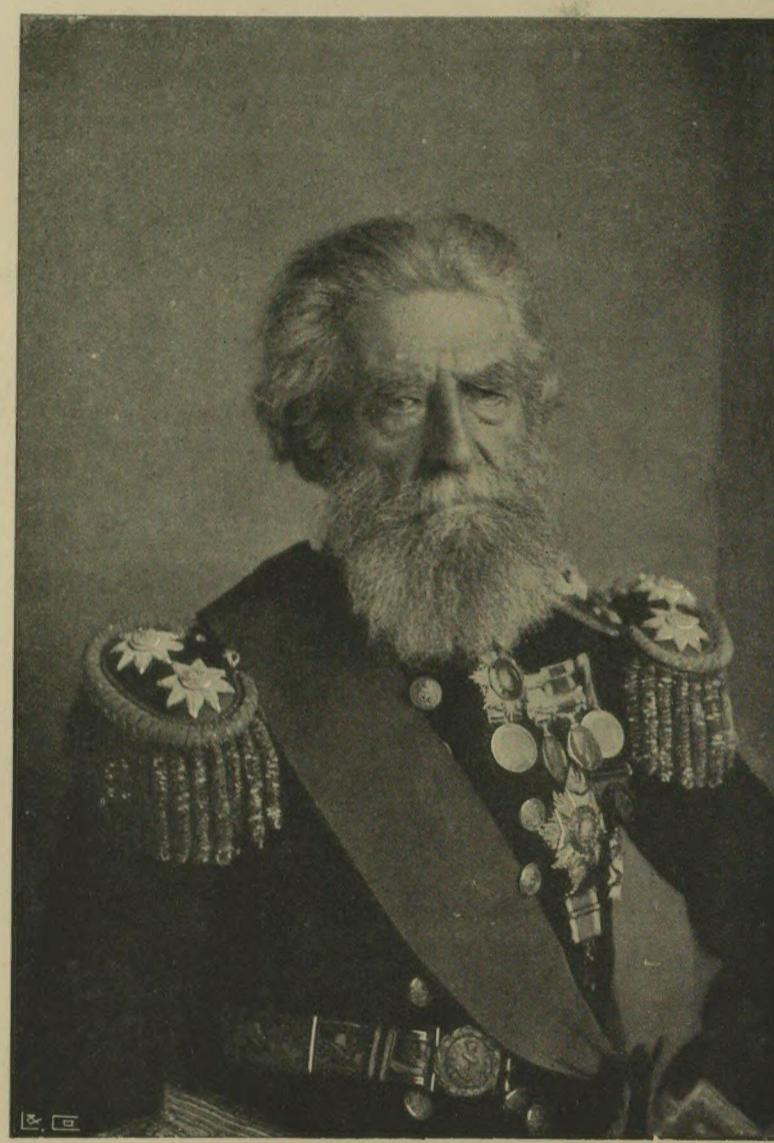
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THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR LEWIS TOBIAS JONES.

The administration of the Congo Free State, conducted by Belgian officers of a company presided over by King Leopold II., but for which the Government of the kingdom of Belgium is nowise responsible, appears to be in a very bad way, if half the complaints and accusations be true. Much indignation has been excited by the illegal, if not iniquitous, execution of Mr. Charles Stokes, the English ivory-trader, by Major Lothaire, in the region between the Aruwimi and Stanley Falls. Dr. Michaux, the only other European who was present at the trial of Mr. Stokes, has stated the facts, which show that he ought not to have been summarily put to death. A formidable revolt of the native troops serving the Congo State has broken out in the Luluaborg district, far to the south-east, and must be suppressed by a military expedition, which the finances of the State or company may find to be more costly than they can well bear.

The Armenian crisis is made the topic of comment in a separate article. Much agitation still prevails at Constantinople. The Sultan is believed to be in dread of a Turkish popular insurrection; and if he does not withdraw for safety to Adrianople, may yet be reduced to owe his preservation to admitting the British fleet, which lies not far outside the Dardanelles. The British, Russian, and French Ambassadors continue firmly acting together, urging him to consent to the scheme of reforms in the Armenian provinces. Outrages have been committed not only at Constantinople and at Trebizon, but at Ak Hissar, the western part of Asia Minor, where last week forty-six Armenians were killed.

The British Ambassador at Pekin has obtained from the Tsung-Li-Yamen, or Chinese Imperial Ministry, orders to the Viceroy of the province of Fu Kien to remove the official obstructions to the judicial inquiry, at Ku-Cheng,

PERSONAL.

The British and American colony in Rome have lost by the death of Mr. William Wetmore Story a charming and popular personality. Mr. Story was the son of a famous Chief Justice in America, and, though he had resided in

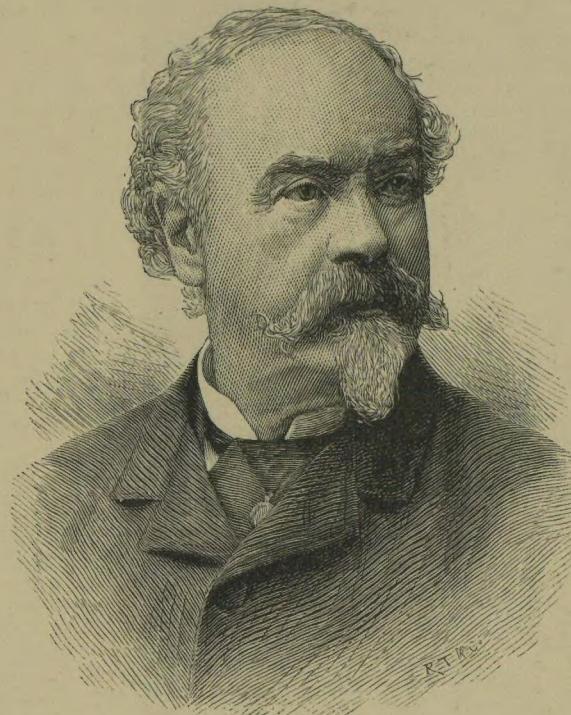


Photo Montabone, Florence.

THE LATE MR. W. W. STORY, AMERICAN SCULPTOR

Rome for over forty years, he retained many links with his fatherland and friendships with its most famous sons. He had, indeed, a wonderful capacity for making friends, and a large circle in this country, as well as in Italy and the United States, will mourn the death of this gifted man. In London there is a permanent monument of his skill as a sculptor in the statue of Peabody, which stands in front of the Royal Exchange. Mr. Story was on intimate terms with Tennyson, Browning, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson (after whom he named one of his sons), and, indeed, most of the shining lights of literature and art. Not so very long ago Mr. and Mrs. Story celebrated their golden wedding in Rome, a happy event followed sadly by the death of the talented wife. Mr. Story never really recovered the loss of his partner, and had been in failing health for some months. The end came peacefully at the home of his married daughter at Vallombrosa, fit place for the falling of one of the last leaves from a tree which, half a century ago, was in the full bloom of beauty.

Madame de Novikoff has broken a long silence on the Eastern Question. She is full of reproaches of English policy, though it is not quite easy to follow the drift of her complaints. England, she says, must now pull her own chestnuts out of the fire; but as England is at present acting in conjunction with Russia and France, Madame de Novikoff's rhetoric simply excites suspicion as to the policy of Russia.

Lord Rosebery has been entertaining several of his political colleagues at Dalmeny, including Mr. Asquith and the Marquis of Ripon. The ex-Premier has been busy making up the arrears into which his reading of modern books had fallen by reason of his official duties. He has been particularly struck by the books of "Anthony Hope," who, by the way, has dedicated his last story to that youthful veteran, Mr. Justice Hawkins. Dalmeny possesses a very good library, housed in a separate building, and there are several fine portraits and curios which interest all Lord Rosebery's guests.

A distinguished Army surgeon, Sir Thomas Crawford, K.C.B., M.D., died on Oct. 12. He was the son of

Mr. Joseph Crawford, of Drumbrain, and was in his seventy-first year. After graduating M.D. at Edinburgh University in 1845, he entered the Army as assistant surgeon, advancing by successive steps to the office of Director-General, which he held from 1882 to 1889. He served through the Burmese

Photo H. Wayland, Blackheath.

THE LATE SIR THOMAS CRAWFORD.

War of 1852, and had various exciting experiences in India. He was present at the capture of Rangoon and Bassein. In 1885 he was created K.C.B., and in the following year was appointed Honorary Surgeon to the Queen. Among other distinctions he was an Honorary Fellow of the King and Queen's College of Physicians and of the Royal College of Surgeons. Sir Thomas was twice married, his second wife being Mary Jane, daughter of General Clement A. Edwards, C.B.

Three new peerages are announced, for Sir Algernon Borthwick, Mr. David Plunket, and Baron de Worms. Sir Algernon Borthwick has the remarkable distinction of having risen to the Peerage through the stages of knighthood and baronetcy. His latest honour is probably due in some measure to the gratitude of the Court for his assistance at a critical moment during the second visit of the Shah. Arrangements for the official entertainment of that potentate had come to a standstill for some reason, but Sir Algernon threw himself into the breach and entertained the Shah and his suite in Scotland with a magnificent hospitality.

Mr. Plunket is one of the most eloquent Irishmen in public life. No member of the House of Commons is more respected, and few Parliamentary orators are listened to with greater admiration. A slight impediment of speech never detracted from the charm of Mr. Plunket's delivery. He has represented Dublin University in the House for a considerable period, and during the Unionist Administration from 1886 to 1892 he was First Commissioner of Works.

Count Kielmansegg, the retiring Premier of Austria, is an energetic and practical man of business and an eloquent speaker. His government as Stadtholder of Lower Austria, the province which includes the capital, was really brilliant, and the scheme known as "Greater Vienna"—the absorption of the suburbs in the capital—was his work. He also started the Vienna Metropolitan Railway and the regulation of the river Wien. Count Kielmansegg is still under fifty. He comes of a Hanoverian family who left their country after the events of 1866, and is by faith a Calvinist and a strong partisan of religious education, though at the same time he is not in favour of keeping popular education at a low level. He was the first Protestant Minister of the Interior in Austria. He is a strong opponent of the fanatical Anti-Semitism which is now so much in the ascendant in the politics of the dual monarchy. His father was Master of the Horse to the late King George of Hanover, and he has a brother now in the service of the Duke of Cumberland. Count Kielmansegg's brief tenure of the Premiership—his appointment only dated from June last—is no discredit to his abilities, as his Ministry was always understood to be a stop-gap one, and his retirement is due to causes for which he is far from being responsible.

One of the sweetest singers of this half-century was Cecil Frances Alexander, who died on Oct. 12. She

displayed her poetical gifts in several directions, and had the satisfaction of knowing that her hymns were appreciated by every section of the religious world. The daughter of Major Humphreys, of Straibane, Ireland, she began writing poetry in the days of her girlhood, and it met with immediate appre-

ciation. She married, in 1847, the Rev. William Alexander, who twenty years later became the Bishop of Raphoe and Derry, and is one of the most eloquent of living prelates. To name only a few of Mrs. Alexander's many hymns, one may cite "There is a green hill far away," "The roseate hues of early dawn," and "Jesus calls us o'er the tempest," as a proof of her world-wide popularity. She was not so much renowned as the wife of a famous preacher, as the author of "Hymns for Little Children," to name one of her most popular books. Her dramatic poem, "The Burial of Moses," has been a favourite with reciters ever since it was published, and the late Poet Laureate is said to have declared that he would have been proud to claim it as his own. Mrs. Alexander will have an enduring monument to her consecrated genius in the many beautiful hymns which are sung the wide world over, and even, as was stated by Mr. Wallis, by half-clad Africans in their native tongue. It is noteworthy also that this generous and gracious woman devoted the profits resulting from the sale of her books to various philanthropic institutions in which her interest was keen. Great sympathy will be felt with Dr. Alexander in the severe bereavement he and his family have sustained.

Mr. Horace Howard Furness, the American Shaksperian whose name has been mentioned in connection with the "book" of the Lyceum "Romeo and Juliet," is a son of the Rev. William Henry Furness, the famous Anti-Slavery Unitarian minister, of Boston, Mass. He was born in Philadelphia just sixty-two years ago, and graduated at Harvard in 1854. After spending three years in Europe, during which time he laid the foundations of his wide knowledge of Shaksperian lore, he studied law in Philadelphia, and was admitted to the Bar in 1859. Owing to his mastery of Shaksperian criticism, he was entrusted with the editing of the new "Variorum" edition, the first volume of which appeared in 1871. Mrs. H. H. Furness, née Rogers, was no less keen a Shaksperian student than her husband. In 1873 she published a "Concordance to Shakspere's Poems," intended as a supplement to Mrs. Cowden Clarke's concordance to the plays. She also compiled an index to W. Sidney Walker's "Text of Shakspere," which was printed privately. Since his wife's death, which occurred twelve years ago, Mr. Furness is seldom met in Philadelphia society; he occasionally gives a public reading on behalf of some charity, for he is said to be the best elocutionist in America.

The death of the Bishop of Chichester at Basle, on Oct. 14, was an event as unexpected as it was sudden. For although he was within a few weeks of completing his ninety-third year, he was so hale, so hearty, and so vigorous that no one anticipated that the end was near. He had gone abroad for his annual tour, and was expected this week to



Photo C. E. Fry and Son, Kensington.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. DURNFORD,
BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.

return to his diocese, where matters of some importance were awaiting him; but death has overtaken him in the meantime, and he has passed to his rest, full of honours as he was full of years. Everyone respected him; in his diocese he was affectionately beloved. He worked hard and devotedly, without the aid of a suffragan, and he was true and faithful until the end. The late Bishop—the Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D.—was the oldest but one member of the Episcopal Bench in point of consecration; the exception being Bishop Ellicott, of Gloucester and Bristol, who was consecrated in 1863, seven years prior to the elevation of Dr. Durnford. Even so, he reigned in the diocese for twenty-five years, and his rule was ever the rule of love.

The work of the Church in Sussex progressed rapidly under his beneficent sway; untiring himself, he inspired energy and devotion in others. To go back to the year when he was made a Bishop, opens up a very interesting chapter of his ministerial life. He was a great power in Lancashire, where, as Rector of Middleton for a period of thirty-five years (1835-70) he did yeoman service for the Church in days when the activities of the Church were much fewer than they are now.

During his time in the North his rectory was in the diocese of Chester, but when the diocese of Manchester was formed Middleton was embraced within it, and Bishop Prince Lee took an early opportunity of marking his recognition of Mr. Durnford's work. He was made Hon. Canon, and, later, he became Archdeacon of Manchester and Canon residentiary. He was appointed to the Bishopric of Chichester in 1870, but the memory of his work in the North still lingers, and when a few years ago the venerable prelate revisited the scene of his former labours, the Churchmen of Manchester gave him a hearty welcome, such as, he said, he should never forget. The late Bishop was educated at Eton, whence he proceeded to Oxford. There he took a first class in Lit.-Hum., and he became a Fellow of Magdalen College. Among his contemporaries was Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, between whom and the late Bishop there ever remained a close and affectionate friendship. In private life Dr. Durnford was most genial; he had a fund of anecdote at his disposal, and few clerics could tell a better story at dinner than he.

Mr. Henry Villiers-Stuart, who was drowned at Youghal by the capsizing of a small boat into which he was stepping from his launch, was sixty-eight years of age. Educated at University College, Durham, he was originally a clergyman of the Church of England. Quitting the Church, he entered political life, and sat in the House of Commons for county Waterford from 1873 to 1874, and from 1880 to 1885. He was very familiar with Egypt, and wrote several books about that country. His interest in literature made him a member of the committee of the Royal Literary Fund. In 1874 Mr. Villiers-Stuart claimed the barony of Stuart de Decies, being the only son of the first baron of that name, but the claim was not allowed.



Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE MR. H. VILLIERS-STUART.

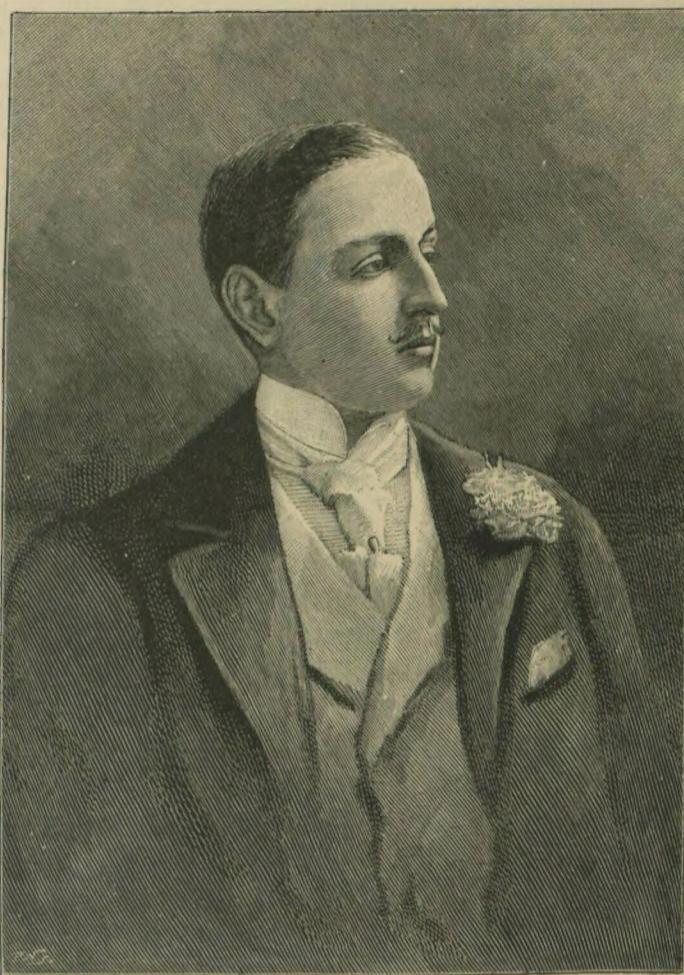


Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



Photo Davis and Sanford.

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MISS CONSUELO VANDERBILT.

A FORTHCOMING FASHIONABLE MARRIAGE.



Photo L. Urbinsky, Norwich.

RECENT MEETING OF THE CHURCH CONGRESS AT NORWICH: OPENING SCENE.



The Day of Their Wedding

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

to get a lemonade or anything"; and he added to Lorenzo, "Be a dollar; I sha'n't charge you anything extra for showin' you round first, as I said."

"I thought," said Lorenzo to Althea as they followed passively the lead of the waiter, who was showing them to a table on the verandah of the house, "that it meant taking us back, too. Didn't you, Althea?"

"Yee," Althea whispered in return. "But I'm glad it didn't. I don't believe I like him very much. We can take another carriage back."

"Oh, yee."

They could see far up the lovely lake, from their table, and beyond a stretch of level the noble range of nearer uplands and farther mountains that frames the Saratoga landscape on the northward.

"It's sightly, Althea," Lorenzo murmured; and she answered in the same undertone, "Yee, it is."

She spoke vaguely, for she was noticing the people who were sitting about at the other tables, and trying to make out what kind of people they were. There was one group of rather noisy girls, who had very yellow hair and bright cheeks, and who seemed to her like a bevy of harsh, brilliant birds; their eyes shone glassily when they turned to look at her. A family party of father and mother, and children, who had to be constantly checked and controlled, were at another table. At another still a pair in later-middle life, who sat at their half-eaten ices, seemed to be studying the rest, and Althea could feel that Lorenzo and she were peculiarly interesting to this pair.

"They are talking about us," she said to Lorenzo.

"Well," he returned, after a long draught of his lemonade—he had ordered that because the driver had mentioned lemonade—"they can't say anything against you, Althea."

"I wonder if they live in Saratoga," she said.

"What makes you ask that?"

"I don't know," she answered faintly, and she looked down. "Don't you think they are very nice appearing?"

"Yee, I do," said Lorenzo after a moment. "We've got to ask somebody about a minister, I presume," he mused aloud, "sooner or later."

A quick red and white dyed and then blanched Althea's face. "There's no—hurry. I like keeping so, don't you, Lorenzo?"

"Oh, yee. But we can't keep so always."

"Nay."

"I do declare, when that fellow spoke up so about the world-outside, I didn't know which way to look. Althea, if you think those friends reside here, and it would do to ask them about a minister——"

"Nay," she whispered back in a sudden panic; "you mustn't!"

"Well, I won't then."

They had to pass the elderly couple in going out, and Althea heard the gentleman say to the lady, "It's quite the nun look."

"Yes. I don't understand," the lady answered. "Beautiful—lovely—pure! It's like a child's—an angel's."

They were both looking up the lake, where the little excursion-steamer was coming in sight.

VI.

Lorenzo and Althea found a number of carriages standing outside, but the drivers all said they were engaged. The driver who had brought them was sitting under a tree smoking. He waited for them to ask the others, and then he called out briskly to them, as if he had never seen them before—

"Carriage?"

They looked at each other. "It would be too far to walk back," Lorenzo suggested.

V.

The driver looked sharply round at them, and then turned about to his horses again. As he drove by the United States, and the Grand Union, and Congress Hall, and out past the Windsor, he named the different great hotels to them, and Lorenzo caught at the chance to ask him which was the best. "Well, I don't know as I could hardly make a choice between the four biggest. It depends on what you want for your money." He leaned half round, so as to converse with his passengers at his ease, and lightly controlled his slim sorrels with his left hand, while he stretched his right arm along the back of the seat. "If you want old family business, I should go to the States; and if you want all the earth can give in the way of solid comfort, I sh'd go to the Congress Hall; and if you want something very tony, I sh'd go to the Windsor; but if you're in for all the life you can get, and all the distinguished visitors, and the big politicians, and style, and jewellery, and full band all the while, you want to go to the Grand Union. That's where I'd go if I was in Saratoga for a good time; but tastes differ, and there a'n't a word to say against the other big hotels, or any house in the place, as far as I've heard from 'em. Lady object to smokin'?" The driver suddenly addressed himself to Lorenzo. "Because if she don't, I'll finish my cigar." He spoke with the unlighted remnant of a cigar between his teeth.

Lorenzo looked at Althea, and she said, "Nay, I don't mind."

A smile ran up into the hard, averted cheek of the driver. He was a slim young fellow, who wore his straw hat at an impudent angle, and had a handsome face full of wicked wisdom; at the same time there was something like a struggle of conscience in the restraint from impertinence which he put upon himself. "If you'll just take these lines a second," he said, giving them into Lorenzo's hand; and then he lighted a match and exhaled his thanks with the first whiff of his cigar. "I can always talk so much better when I'm smokin', but I don't never like to smoke when my passengers object." He started up his horses briskly, and pointed out the objects of interest as he passed them. "That's Congress Park. You want to come here in the afternoon for the music—Troy band—and there's a balloon ascension there to-day; that's something you don't want to miss." He said, more especially for Althea's behoof, "Lady goes up." He let them look a moment at the pretty park with its stretch of level lawn, and its pavilion and kiosk, its fountain, and its amphitheatrical upland, with a roofage of darker and lighter green propped on tall pine and oak tree stems, and then he jerked his head towards a building on the left. "That's the Saratoga Club. Gamblin' place," he explained to their innocence. "Lots of money changes hands every night. German Prince dropped ten thousand there one night, and he didn't take the whole night for it either. It's a gay place, if it don't look it." In fact, with its discreetly drawn curtains, its careful

keeping of grass and flowers, the club-house looked in the bright morning sun like the demure dwelling of some rich man who did not care to flaunt his riches. "Indian encampment," said the driver with another nod to the left, a little farther up the hill. "Get your fortune told there; shooting-gallery, Punch and Judy, and a little of everything."

He nodded at a splendid villa on the right, with an auctioneer's sign upon it. "One of our leadin' gamblers' house. Cost him eighty thousand dollars, and won't bring him twenty under the hammer. Got caught in the panic. Took to speculatin'. Been all right if he'd stuck to the cards," he concluded, as if this were the moral.

Lorenzo's mind worked with rustic slowness through a

cloud of worldly ignorance, and the driver had time to point out several other notable residences on the handsome avenue which they were passing through, and told them that it was the way to the horse-races, and that they ought to be in Saratoga for the races, before Lorenzo could get round to ask, "But a'n't it against the law to gamble?"

"It's against the Gospel, too, I guess," said the driver, "but you don't know it in Saratoga. It's the gamblin' and the racin' that makes the place." He spoke with that pride which people feel in their local evils if they are very great. He swept his passengers with his hardy eye, as if for full enjoyment of any horror he had raised in them, and ended: "And there a'n't but one single minister here that I ever heard of that's had the gall to say a word against hoss-racin'. That's what Saratoga is."

His point was lost to them in the thought that came into both their minds at once. Lorenzo whispered it: "Wouldn't that be the one?"

"I don't know," Althea began. Then she said boldly, "Yee, it would. Ask who it is."

It took courage; but Lorenzo was leaning forward to put the question, when the driver turned round upon them and said, "But if it a'n't one thing it's another, and I don't suppose Saratoga's any worse than any other place in the world-outside."

He pronounced the last words slowly, but with no apparent consciousness that they must have a peculiar effect with Lorenzo and Althea, who mutely shrank together at them. "You ought to let me fetch you here in the afternoon if you want to see life," the driver went on carelessly. "It's a string of carriages going out one side, and a string coming in on the other. Or it is," he added, more candidly, "in the season. It's full early yet."

It was Althea who commanded herself first. When the danger of discovery seemed past, Lorenzo was still silent, but she began to talk and to ask the driver questions, which he answered, "Yes, Ma'am," and "No, Ma'am," with a crowing stress on the opening word that seemed personal to her at first, and then only personal to himself. But it was as if he had to be held in check continually from taking liberties, and it tasked all the severity Althea had learned in teaching the girls' school at the Family to manage him. Lorenzo was no help to her; but she held her own, even upon ground so strange to her.

When they reached the wayside restaurant at the end of the lake, he said, "Well, here they were, if they wanted

"It would dust this dress," said Althea, "and I can't seem to walk so well in these shoes."

Lorenzo turned to the driver, who had now come up to them. "What will you charge to take us back to town?"

The driver reflected. "Well, I've got to go back pretty soon, any way. I'll leave it to you."

"If it was worth a dollar to bring us here," said Lorenzo firmly, "it's worth a dollar to take us back, and it a'n't worth any more."

"All right," said the man, and he jumped to his seat. "Where do you want I should leave you?" he asked, turning round to them when they were seated, while his sorrels started gaily off of themselves. "Leave you at Congress Park, if you say so. It's central, and you could set down in there, and think what you wanted to do next."

They felt an impertinence in his suggestion, but it expressed their minds, and Lorenzo assented with a stiff "All right." He received some remarks of the driver's

himself time to falter after he came up. "We are Shakers, Yee, we are! What is it to you?" he added, in defiance.

"Oh, nothing," said the young fellow. "I'm from down around Lebanon myself. Been at the Family there many a time. Just wanted to see if you'd lie about it—it always heard a Shaker wouldn't lie."

"Well, we're not from Lebanon!" Lorenzo retorted with futile resentment.

"All right," said the driver. "Lookin' for a minister?"

The answer seemed to fly out of Lorenzo's mouth itself:

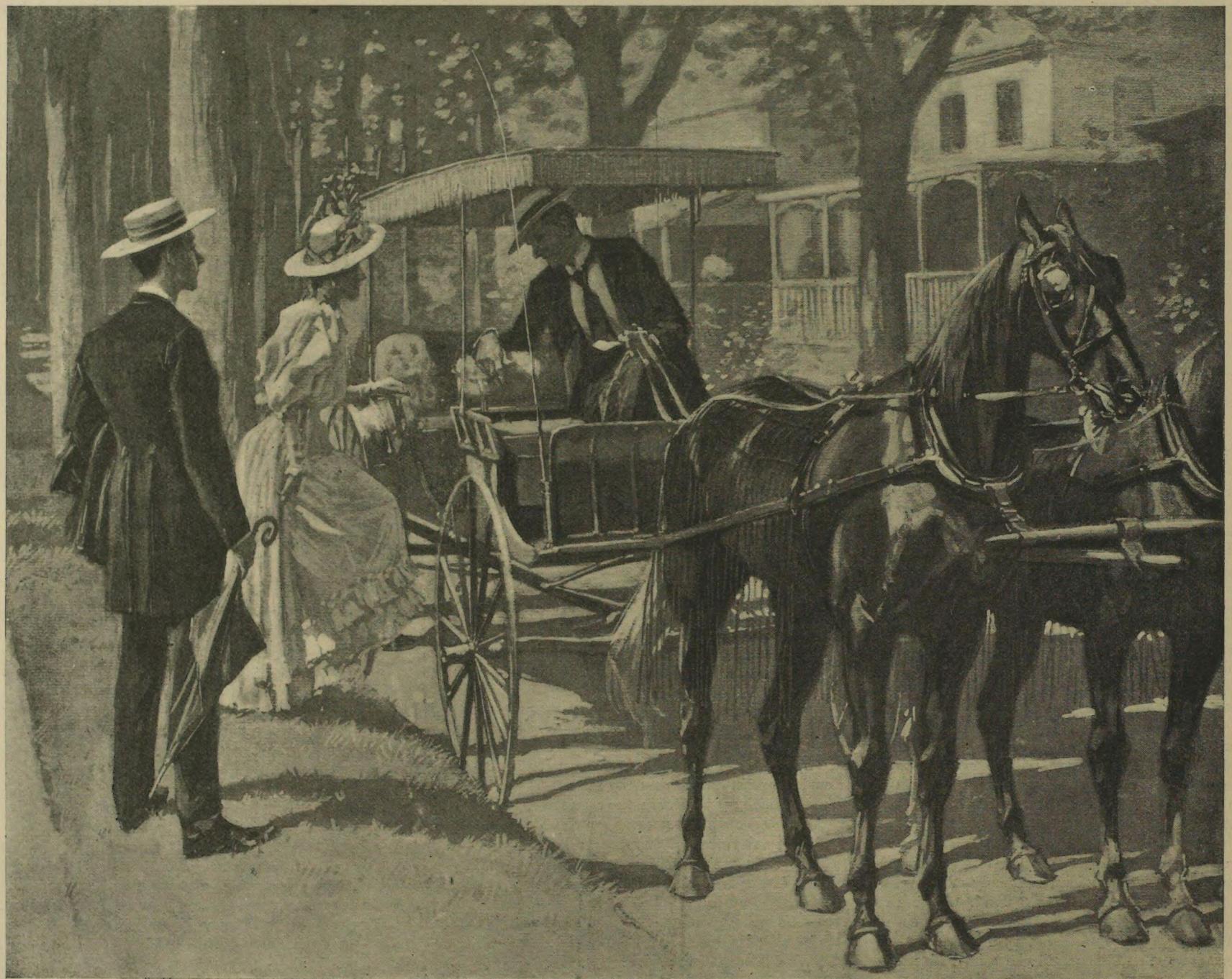
"Yee, we are."

"I thought so," said the driver. "Well, I know the whitest man in this town, and I can take you to him if you want to get married. Take you and the lady there, and it sha'n't cost you a cent. Say!" He drew from his waist-coat pocket the dollar bill which Lorenzo had just given him, and handed it to him. "You just take that, and if he ain't all I tell you, you keep it. I don't want any man's money without I earn it."

The minister looked up at him from under brows that frowned in the strong sunlight, and then laughed in recognition. "I hope they have some better recommendation. Will you walk in?" he asked of the young couple, and he held the door open for them to enter, and shut it upon them in the cool, dark entry, without further notice of the driver. Then he led them into a dim parlour, and when he had made a little more light in it by turning the slats of one of the blinds, he asked them if they would not sit down. He said he would be with them in a moment, and he went out as if to still the clamour of children's voices which made themselves heard from the rear of the house, and then were silent.

(To be continued.)

An interesting exhibition is being held in Paris to celebrate the centenary of the discovery of lithography. Few inventors have been so fortunate as Senefelder, who saw his new process carried to an extraordinary degree of



"Get right in, lady," said the driver.

so forbiddingly that he left them quite to themselves until they reached the park.

When they dismounted at the upper gate he took Lorenzo's dollar with a certain hesitation. "I don't know as I'd ought to charge you so much for just bringin' you back." He looked at them, and then suddenly turned upon Lorenzo: "Say, a'n't you up from Lebanon? You're Shakers, anyway!"

"Nay," returned Lorenzo angrily, "we are not."

"Nays have it," said the young fellow. Without looking round at them he hollowed out his hands about the match he struck, and lighted a cigar at it while he drove up the street at a slow walk with the lines held between his knees.

"Oh, Lorenzo," cried Althea, "we are! You know we are! How could you say it?"

"Well, Althea, we a'n't from Lebanon!"

"Oh, you know it wasn't that you denied. We are Shakers. Run after him—run after him and tell him so, no matter what happens."

"Well, well! But just as you say, Althea. I don't want to tell a lie any more than you do."

Lorenzo started and ran up the street after the carriage, calling out: "Say! Hello! Stop there a minute!" The driver stopped and looked round. Lorenzo did not give

"All right," said Lorenzo, and he put the bill in his pocket and walked back to Althea in a kind of daze, while the carriage slowly followed. "Althea, he says he knows a good minister."

"Get right in, lady," said the driver. "If you are all right I guess you won't feel but what he is. Well, I'll tell you what! He's the one—and he's the one only—that's got the gall to preach against hoss-racin'!"

He looked as if his words must carry conviction; the lovers were helpless before them, and they mounted to the place they had so lately left. The driver turned reassuringly to Althea again. "Now don't you be anxious any. If you don't like his looks you just come right out again and I'll take you anywhere else you want to go—and I know every minister in the place—and no extra charge."

They had not even to go inside for the test the driver proposed. The minister himself answered Lorenzo's ring; he pushed open the lattice door that opened outwardly, and scanned them from the threshold with a face that seemed kind and gentle as well as shrewd. Lorenzo and Althea looked at each other without being able to speak.

The driver spoke for them from his carriage, where he waited to see whether they should find the minister at home. "Good-morning, dominie! I want you to take care of these folks. Friends of mine."

perfection before his death, in 1834. The story of his discovery is rather curious. His father was an actor at the Theatre Royal, Munich, and he himself tried to earn his living as an author and a performer. Being too poor to purchase a printing-press, he tried to engrave his own compositions on copper plates. His efforts, through want of skill and want of money, were not attended with very great success, but he persevered, practising writing backwards on a piece of Kelheim stone. Great inventions have often depended on very small causes. Newton discovered gravitation through seeing the fall of an apple, and Senefelder's invention of lithography was indirectly due to a laundress. One day, when he was polishing a stone for practice in writing, his mother came in and asked him to write a bill for the washerwoman, who was waiting for the clothes. As there was no paper or ink at hand, he wrote it on the piece of stone, using an ink formed of soap, wax, and lampblack. Some time afterwards, when about to clean the stone, the idea occurred to him to try whether the writing would resist the action of a solution of aqua fortis. The experiment was successful: the writing was raised through the working of the acid on the stone; and by covering it with printer's ink he was able to take impressions. He afterwards invented many improvements to this original rough process.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

A VISIT TO THE WEST AUSTRALIAN GOLD-FIELDS
BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.

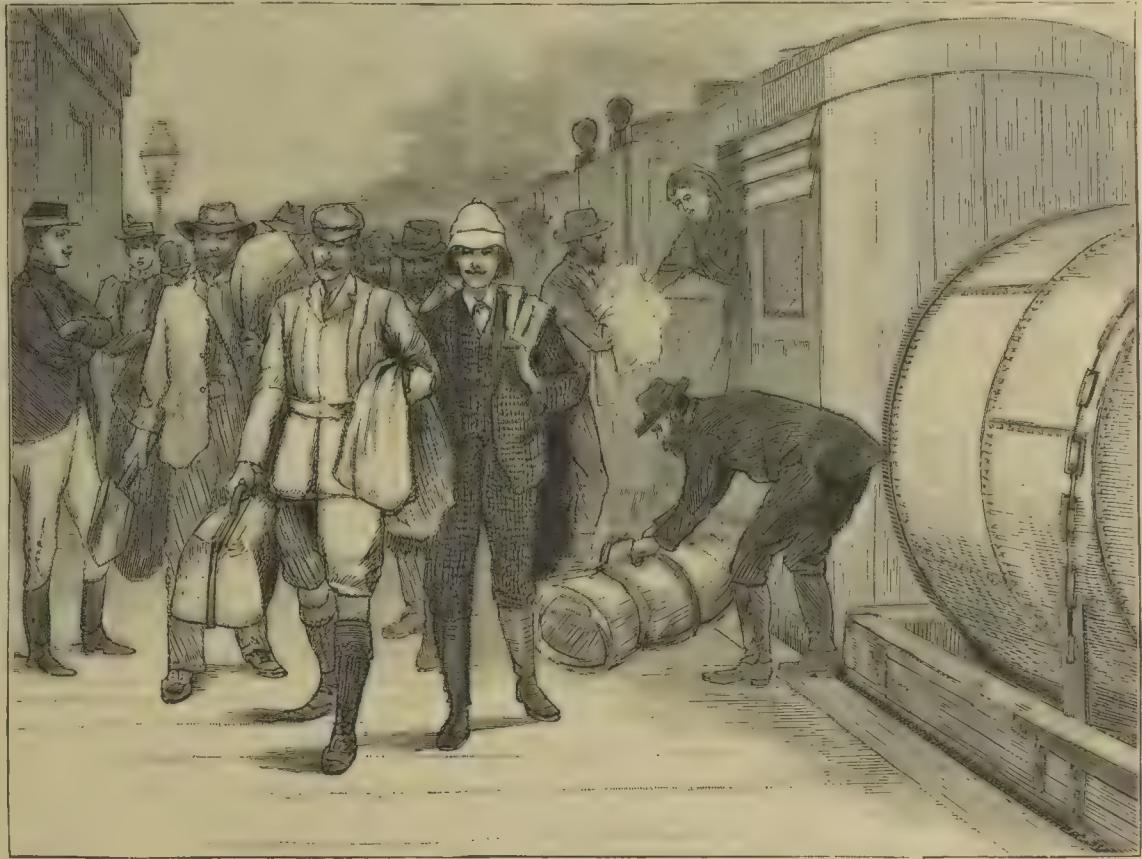
THIRD LETTER.

It would be difficult to imagine a more picturesquely situated city than the capital of Western Australia, and the most casual stroll through its broad streets or along its beautiful riverside drives is sufficiently convincing proof that "the fair city of Perth" is not a misnomer, and that when the building of the place is complete it will vie with any other city of Australia, for at present Perth, through untoward circumstances, is somewhat behindhand. Events in Western Australia have not shaped themselves quickly or definitely as in the other colonies, where cattle-rearing, sheep-farming, or agriculture have for many years past represented huge and growing industries of each district, as it were; so this may to a certain extent account for the somewhat backward state of affairs which has existed here till almost recently. As in other parts of Australia, the finding of gold has given the necessary impetus to arouse the whole colony, and the discovery of Coolgardie will undoubtedly in future ages be looked upon as the stepping-stone of Western Australia's era of prosperity. On all sides is now heard the hammer of the carpenter and the trowel of the bricklayer, while houses and stores are rising as if by magic, and land everywhere in or near the centre of the city has gone up in price by leaps and bounds, and where acres could have been purchased not three years ago, it is now a question of feet.

It must not, however, be inferred from this that Perth dates from the discovery of the gold-fields; for, for some years past, under the able management of its local authorities, it has gradually been rising into a condition befitting the capital of the colony. It is now about five years since the responsible government of the colony was inaugurated by Sir W. C. F. Robinson, G.C.M.G. Public works and schemes, many of them of the greatest utilitarian value, have been so constantly on the tapis that the spacious Government offices have proved almost too small to house the ever-increasing army of officials and draughtsmen. That most characteristic of Australian virtues, hospitality, is here lavished with an open-handedness which makes the new arrival feel at once at his ease. The receptions of the Administrator and Lady Onslow are in a comparative degree as high social functions as any given by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and all the luncheon or dinner parties given by leaders of the Government while Parliament is sitting are of the most orthodox official character, and would not reflect discredit on Downing Street itself. To avoid jealousy, the government of the colony is vested in the Governor, who is appointed by the Crown, and who acts under the advice of a Cabinet composed of five Ministers. The Executive Council consists of the Governor, the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney General, the Colonial Treasurer, the Commissioner of Crown Lands, the Commissioner of Railways, the Director of Public Works, and the Minister for Mines. The Parliament is composed of two Houses, the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly. The colony is represented in the Council or Upper House by twenty-one members, or three for each electoral province; while in the

computed at 25,000, has only two representatives. Two other districts—East Kimberley and Gascoigne—with an electorate roll of 26,000 and 24,000 respectively, are each represented by a member. It may be argued that the enormous tracts of country so sparsely populated, and the consequent distances to be traversed, render it necessary for this arrangement; but the proportion of two to 25,000, as against three to 9617, is certainly confusing, and almost incomprehensible to the ordinary mind. Local self-government also exists in most of the principal

offices of the Union Bank of Australia, the National Bank of Australasia, the Mutual Provident Society, and the National Mutual Life Association of Australasia. Hidden in a mass of semi-tropical vegetation, and surrounded by well kept grounds, stands Government House. In Perth as elsewhere, club life is one of the chief social institutions, and the Weld Clubhouse (where we were provided with comfortable quarters), which has been recently erected on a beautiful site overlooking the river, is, in my opinion, one of the finest architectural achievements in the city.



EN ROUTE FOR COOLGARDIE: ARRIVAL OF A TRAIN AT SOUTHERN CROSS.

townships, the power to declare any town a municipality being vested in the Governor. The number of councillors for each town varies according to the population—where if it is less than one thousand it is six, over one thousand, and less than five, nine; over five thousand, twelve—exclusive in each case of the chairman. Apart from these municipalities, there are also district Road Boards, which are appointed to represent the several Road Districts into which the colony is divided, and which are defined or altered at any time at the option of the Governor. The majesty of the law in Perth is well represented by a big array of legal luminaries, while the requirements of

The rush to the gold-fields and the consequent rapid increase of the population in the capital has also had the effect of attracting the attention of British speculators to Perth, several big syndicates having acquired valuable leases, on which building operations are in full swing, and which promise fine results, notable among these being the properties of the West Australia, Limited, and the London and Western Australian Investment Company.

The city is plentifully supplied with pure water by the Perth Waterworks Company, who have a reservoir seven miles distant on the Darling Hills. The sanitary conditions of the district are in the hands of a Local Board of Health. The designs for a theatre are in preparation, for hitherto professional histrionic art, as represented by travelling companies, has only found a temporary home *en passant*, as it were, in the Town Hall or other convenient, or rather inconvenient, spots. Beyond a few dilapidated hansom cabs, which ply for hire at ruinous fares, there is absolutely no means of locomotion from one end of the town to the other. On dark nights, a few gas-jets, or the oil-lamps in the different stores, are all that illumine the surroundings. When, however, there is a moon, the gas is dispensed with owing to its expense. With the unlimited supply of fuel which the surrounding bush offers, electric-lighting ought to be so cheap as to be within the means of all classes. In towns so largely built of wood as those of Western Australia, it ought to be the only legal illuminant. In America they have had many severe experiences to teach them, with the result that the electric light is projected when the town is first planned. All these, as well as many other adjuncts to a thriving centre, promise, however, soon to become accomplished facts, so I learnt, and the next few years ought to see Perth among the handsomest and most thriving cities in Australasia.

The extraordinary finds of gold in Western Australia during the past few months have resulted in quite a "rush" to the colony, and from all parts of the world crowds of eager fortune-hunters are daily making their way to the gold-fields of Coolgardie and its vicinity. All the nations of the earth are represented in the motley throng—Germans, Frenchmen, Russians, Turks, Italians, Spaniards, Americans, Englishmen—all rub shoulders as they press forward towards the new Eldorado. The arrival of a train from Perth, the capital, at Southern Cross—the terminus of the railway on the road to Coolgardie—offers to the student of racial character many types of interest, for there are all sorts and conditions of men, from the rich prospector on the look-out for good investments for the syndicate he represents, to the broken-down clerk or poverty-stricken labouring man, who has managed to gather enough to pay his way somehow to the "fields." In many cases the wife and children accompany the new arrival, so that if luck follows the venture a new home can be made in the new country. Here and there also may often be seen the Anglo-Saxon type well represented by perhaps a couple of stalwart young Anglo-Saxons, as in my sketch—who have given up the delights of civilisation to come out to the wilds of the bush, and tempt fickle Dame Fortune. From Southern Cross to the fields, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, is done by coach. This primitive method of locomotion will, however, very shortly be superseded by the railway, which is being rapidly pushed forward, and which will reach the fields early in December—such wonderful activity is being displayed.



ON THE ROAD TO COOLGARDIE.

Assembly it returns thirty-three members, representing as many electorates. When, therefore, it is remembered that the entire population of Western Australia at the end of 1893 was only 65,069, it will not be said that the electors are poorly represented at the seat of government. As a matter of fact, the way the seats are distributed affords some material for astonishment—for instance, the capital, with 9617 inhabitants, has no less than three members; Fremantle, with 7077, has the same number; while the entire gold-fields district, covering as it does a superficial area of 75,000 square miles, and with a population roughly

the city are looked after by the Corporation, which is presided over by a mayor. The principal business thoroughfare, Hay Street, is not at present an imposing one, being far too narrow, and consisting as it mainly does of a succession of small buildings of mean elevation and no architectural pretension. The Town Hall has an elegant clock-tower; while on St. George's Terrace, a really handsome thoroughfare, are several fine structures, which would be considered good specimens of architecture in any city, prominent among these being the Post Office—a large block of buildings forming one wing of the Government offices—the



RIOTS IN STAMBOUL. MASSACRE OF ARMENIANS BY POLICE, SOFTAS, AND KURDS.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Taking the railway service of this country as a whole, and excepting certain very obvious points or aspects of it here and there, one can find in these days of Pullman cars and dining and sleeping cars very little to complain of or to criticise adversely. Personally, as a constant traveller, I am able to testify to the usually unfailing civility of railway officials—there is room for improvement in this direction, however, on certain North of England and Scottish lines—and to the courtesy with which the wants of the travelling public are both anticipated and supplied. But I have a complaint to make against railway companies, in the south especially, in the matter of the conveyance of cylinders of compressed gases used for purposes of limelight exhibitions. As a lecturer, continually employing limelight, and bearing in mind the absolute safety with which compressed gases may be used and conveyed, I regret very much to find the walls of stations placarded with notices to the effect that the cylinders will only be conveyed by goods-trains, while, unless I have been misinformed, one company appears to have made a restriction that they are to be carried by gunpowder-trains only. As this country is, happily, not at war, and as gunpowder is not, I fancy, over-frequently represented in railway traffic, I should feel sorry for the prospects of limelight lectures being successfully carried out in districts served by the railway in question.

Of course, everybody knows the reason for this excess of caution. A fatal accident at Bradford Station, caused by the dropping of a cylinder carried by a boy, and another later fatality at Fenchurch Street, served to arouse public interest in the question of the safety of such cylinders containing gas stored therein under very high pressure. The mistake which was made by the railways was that of applying the principle of particulars to explain universals. Because one, or say two, cylinders came to grief—a proportion, among the thousands in use, of infinitesimal amount—therefore all cylinders are dangerous: this is the argument of the railway companies. That it is an unwarrantable and foolish argument is, I think, easy to show. First and foremost, I fancy there is no record whatever of a properly made cylinder and one properly secured coming to grief. Secondly, I am informed that the cylinders used by the firms who make a specialty of storing gas in this way are not only subjected to preliminary tests, far exceeding in severity the pressure of the gas they contain, but are also repeatedly subjected to a rigid examination and to annealing by way of certifying their soundness. In a word, if people would only deal with firms whose business it is specially to make gases and to store them in cylinders which are above suspicion as to durability, I should say the risk of accident would be reduced well-nigh to impossibility.

The argument for the railway companies, to be quite fair in one's remarks, applies obviously to the case of faulty cylinders, and from what I am able to discover, I regret to say it is highly probable there are such cylinders in existence. Firms which unite the sale of compressed gases to other businesses, and which therefore must treat the sale of such commodities more as an accident than as a regular trade, cannot possibly possess the means for ensuring the absolute safety of these wares. I do not in the least recollect the sources of supply of the cylinders which exploded at Bradford and at Fenchurch Street, but I feel pretty certain they were not supplied by any of the firms which make the manufacture and storage of compressed gases a specialty. I may be wrong, and if so, I shall be glad of correction; but if my views on this subject be correct, one can only regard it as exceedingly hard that the firms whose gases may be conveyed with absolute safety should be included with those whose cylinders cannot be regarded as of sound description, and should therefore have to pay the penalty of a notoriety which is completely undeserved and unmerited. What should be insisted upon, by legal enactment if necessary, is the certification of cylinders, and the proof that they have been tested, as I say all reliable cylinders are, to an extent far above any pressure they can possibly be subjected to when filled with gas. Some such enactment would put out of existence, on the principle of the "survival of the fittest," the flimsy and imperfect race of cylinders which are the real defaulters.

With cylinders such as I have described, and such as are used by every professional lanternist, there is less danger infinitely to be feared than from the boiler of the locomotive. Once in a time a boiler will burst, so may a gas-cylinder; but the chances of such an accident as regards locomotive and cylinder respectively, strike me as standing in a proportion of about ten to one. Also, I have reflected that as one travels by rail there is below one's feet a reservoir of compressed gas serving to light the carriage, and which might very well itself explode if deficient material were represented in the construction of the cylinder. I trust I am not in any way exaggerating the risk one runs, or inventing a new form of possible railway disaster; but I suppose there is a risk of explosion of the compressed gas of the railway-carriage, only that risk is so infinitesimal that nobody minds it at all. This is precisely the case with the properly constructed cylinders used by lanternists. I repeat, it is a very hard thing indeed that firms which have sunk a large amount of capital in perfecting these cylinders, and in bringing the aids to limelight illustration to a high pitch of perfection, should be put to inconvenience (in which lecturers and lanternists must share) by reason of the defective construction of cylinders made and used by other firms possessing no special means of ensuring the safety of their reservoirs. I am hopeful that the restrictions it present laid upon the conveyance of compressed gases will be rescinded, or, at least, that in one way or another those who are entitled to the credit of making and using absolutely perfect cylinders should alone enjoy a measure of confidence on the part of railways and the public to which they are well entitled.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F. PREDTOR (West Bergholt).—We "bury the hatchet" with pleasure. No. 2688 is a much better problem than it appears to you, as B takes Kt prevents the solution you propose. Your problem shall be examined, but a solution with all checks!

MAX BLUME (Harrogate).—You have escaped some pitfalls in No. 2688, but yet have not hit upon the right move.

J. W. SHAW (Montreal).—The result ought to have been what you in error thought it was.

C. A. HILL AND OTHERS.—Your proposed solutions of No. 2688 are all wrong. The problem is quite sound, and contains some clever traps.

H. M. PRIDEAUX (Clifton).—We hope to publish your game shortly.

H. N. FELLOWER (Wolverhampton).—We are pleased to receive your problem; but something seems omitted from the diagram. As sent, if Kt takes Kt, no mate follows.

DR. F. ST. —Please send another copy of your last contribution.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2685 received from C. Field, jun. (Athol, Mass.); J. W. Shaw (Montreal); Emile Frau (Lyons); A. P. (St. John, N.B.); and Evans (Port Hope); of No. 2686 from Emile Frau, E. Dowden (Aberlady), and Walter Lewis (Swansea); of No. 2687 from J. Bailey (Newark), Castle Lea, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna); Emile Frau (Lyons); J. Whittingham (Welshpool); J. S. Wesley (Exeter); W. D'A Barnard (Uppingham); E. H. E. Barber, Oliver Icningla, Dr. F. St. C. E. II (Clifton); E. Dowden (Aberlady), and G. F. (Hoxton).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2688 received from C. E. Perugini, Alice Hawkins (Welshpool); E. H. E. R. Worster (Canterbury); W. Wright, S. Davis (Leicester); F. Glanville, T. Roberts, Edwin J. Rust (Hayes Hill); Sorrento, L. Desanges, F. Waller (Linton); C. E. II (Clifton); Emile Frau (Lyons); Julian Short (Exeter); J. S. Wesley; Shadforth; F. James (Wolverhampton); T. G. (Ware); Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth); E. Loudon, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly); Walter Lewis (Swansea); F. W. G. (Edgbaston); Castle Lea, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth); Oliver Icningla, Alice Gooding, R. H. Brooks, M. Burke, Hereward, W. R. Railem, F. Anderson, H. S. Brandt, C. M. A. B., F. Daly (Clapham); J. C. Ireland; H. T. Bailey, Miss Isaac (Maldon); J. F. Moon, W. R. B. (Clifton); Fr. Fernando (Glasgow); H. E. Lee, Z. Ingold (Frampton); Edward Bygott (Sandbach); C. M. O.; J. H. Carroll (Southampton); Alpha, L. R. Bruce; Vivian E. Young, W. D'A Barnard (Uppingham); and B. Copland (Chelmsford).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2687.—By H. E. KIDSON.

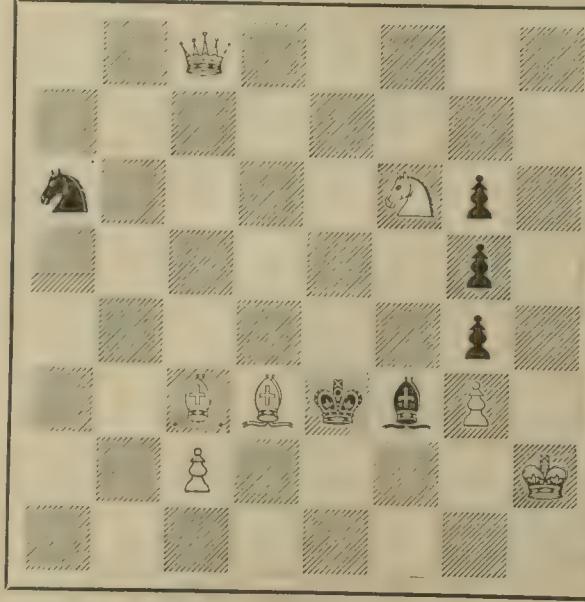
WHITE. 1. K to Kt 7th. BLACK. Kt to Kt 5th
2. R to B 5th, etc.

This problem can also be solved by 1. R to B 6th.

PROBLEM NO. 2690

By REGINALD KELLY.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

The following game was played at Adelaide between Messrs. A. WALLACE and H. CHARLICK.
(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	17. Q to K B sq	P to Q Kt 4th
2. P to Q 4th	P takes P	18. P to K Kt 4th	B takes Kt P
3. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. B takes B	Q takes B
4. Q to K 3rd	P to K Kt 3rd	20. P to R 5th	Kt to Q B 5th
5. B to K 2nd	R to K 2nd	21. P to It 6th	Kt takes B
		22. R takes Kt	B takes Kt
A livelier game for White might result from P to K B 4th here, followed by Kt to K B 3rd as early as convenient.			
5. B to Kt 2nd	P to K 2nd	17. Q to K B sq	P to Q Kt 4th
6. Q Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	18. P to K Kt 4th	B takes Kt P
7. B to Q 2nd	Kt to K 2nd	19. B takes B	Q takes B
8. P to K B 4th	Castles	20. P to R 5th	Kt to Q B 5th
9. Castles (Q R)	B to K 3rd	21. P to It 6th	Kt takes B
10. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. R takes Kt	B takes Kt
		The position is very difficult, all the files being open for the King's side attack, and it is not very easy to find a better line of play here. Q takes Kt, and B to K 4th are each objectionable, owing to the attacks which follow.	
11. P to K R 4th	P to K R 4th	23. P takes B	Q to K B 4th
12. Kt to K Kt 5th	Q to Q B sq	24. Q to Kt 2nd	Kt to Kt 3rd
13. P to B 5th		25. R to K B 2nd	Q to K 4th
		26. Kt takes K B P	
An elegant finishing stroke, even though somewhat obvious. Although the game was played in a simultaneous exhibition, it will bear comparison with some much more pretentious efforts.			
13. P takes P		26. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	
14. B takes K R P	P takes P	27. K to Kt sq	K to R 2nd
15. Q takes P	B to K B 4th	28. R to B 6th	R to K Kt sq
16. Q to Q B 4th	Kt to K 4th	29. Kt to Kt 5th (ch)	K to R sq
		30. R to B 7th	K R to B sq
White mates in four moves.			

The City Chess Club opened its new premises at 151, Cannon Street, on Oct. 5, with a blindfold exhibition by Mr. J. H. Blackburne. There was a large attendance, attracted not only by the performance itself, but by a desire on the part of many chess-players to see the club in another house. The rooms are undoubtedly well situated, and the removal to them appears a step in the right direction. Mr. Blackburne met eight opponents, and, after several hours' play, won four games and drew four—a most creditable achievement.

Mr. Blackburne also opened the winter season of the Hastings Chess Club with an exhibition of simultaneous play. His score was only limited by the number of his opponents, both being twenty-one.

Many chess-players will regret to hear that Mr. Mellish, through a change of residence, is retiring from the Athenaeum Chess Club after being its president for nearly twelve years. Mr. Medcalf has been elected his successor. A good programme has been arranged for the coming season by Mr. H. W. Carson, the re-elected hon. secretary.

The Ladies' Chess Club has made sufficient progress to justify a trial of strength with the sterner sex, and accordingly arranged a match—twelve aside—with the Rochester Conservative Chess Club. The Tories, however, at present are in a triumphant vein, and the ladies were repulsed as vigorously as though they had been Radicals. The final scores were—Ladies, 4; Rochester, 8.

A legacy of £2000 has been bequeathed by the late Miss Villers-Wilkes to the Birmingham Bishopric Fund.

The Rev. W. O. Burrows, Principal of Leeds Clergy School, has been appointed Principal of Wells Theological College. Mr. Burrows had an exceptionally distinguished career at Oxford.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell was absolutely the first woman in modern times to take a Doctor of Medicine's degree and follow the healing art. The book of autobiographical sketches that Messrs. Longman published last week from her pen is therefore of special interest. It is so long ago as 1849 that Elizabeth Blackwell graduated, she then being but twenty-eight years old. As it was in that home of new ideas, America, that she took her diploma, it has been generally supposed that she was a native of the States; but she was an Englishwoman, born in Bristol, and not taken to America by her parents till she was eleven years old. She says but little about her parents, but they must have been somewhat uncommon people surely, for not only did two of their daughters (Elizabeth being followed by her younger sister Emily) do this remarkable pioneer work in opening the medical profession to women, but one of their sons married, when he was in the "twenties," the afterwards celebrated woman's suffragist, Mrs. Lucy Stone, and on their marriage allowed her to keep her own name, and helped and supported her in her public career all through her life; so that when Lucy Stone, grown an old lady over seventy, died last year, as Henry Blackwell went down the stairs from her chamber leaning on his daughter's arm, he could still say to their child: "Alice, there is nothing now in the world for me but to try to help on mother's work so long as I may live." Approve or disapprove as anyone may of the direction in which these daughters and son of the home have moved, that they did move with rare courage and originality is undeniable. Further, they moved where the world was going to follow, for there are now four thousand women doctors in America; and though there are but two instances of well-known women and their bridegrooms following Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell about the woman's name, it is growing quite usual for a lady who has made a position to use an "alias," keeping her own name for her work, and signing private documents by her husband's.

Elizabeth Blackwell conceived the idea that she ought to try to be a doctor, in consequence of the statement made by a friend of hers, who died of a female disease, that the worst part of her trouble had been the constant treatment by men doctors. Dr. Blackwell declares that she was so far from having a natural taste for such studies that the idea was at first awful and repugnant to the last degree: music and metaphysics were her favourite subjects. But she came to think it a moral duty to try to enter medicine, and then she was not lacking in resolution or in industry. After protracted efforts she found a small medical school, that of Geneva University, New York State, that consented to admit her. The professors wrote to her that they had felt willing, and so had referred the question to the students, who had held a meeting and passed a resolution inviting her to come, adding a promise, which they most honourably kept, that "no conduct of ours shall cause her to regret her attendance at this institution." It is rather odd to learn that the professors had referred the question to the students in the full expectation that they would refuse to consent to her being amidst them, and that thus the staff could decline to have her without taking the responsibility themselves of closing the door. At the end of the course, however, when she took her degree, the principal bore public testimony to the exceptionally orderly and hard-working character of the class of which she had been a member. Notwithstanding her own experience, Dr. Blackwell is apparently not in favour of mixed education in medicine, for she founded a women's medical college in New York which to-day is a large and important institution. After taking her M.D., she proceeded to Europe, studied at the Paris Maternité, was admitted to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and got herself placed on the English register of medical practitioners, and practised her profession for some years in London. She now lives at Hastings, retired from her labours. She may well feel proud when she recalls in the evening of her days that there was no woman M.D. in the field before her, and that now there are not only thousands in America, but even in conservative old England there are six medical schools open to women, and that the registered practitioners here number in the hundreds, while the sufferings of the women of India are being diminished by attendance from their own sex.

Speaking of the "alias" system for married women's names reminds me of poor Ada Cavendish, who has just died, comparatively young, and who was in private life "Mrs. Frank Marshall." I met sweet Ada one day while she was living quietly in retirement. Of course, I wanted her to talk to me about her theatrical experiences: that is the use of knowing all sorts of interesting people—that they may tell you of life in diverse fields. Would you believe that she would not talk about anything but cooking, as to which I was far wiser than she? But she told me a lovely tale thereon. She said that many of the recipes given in the "ladies' papers" were untrustworthy, for she was always failing in carrying them out with her own hands. I gently hinted that perhaps that was not a proof that the recipes were to blame. So she told me of a recipe for pigeon pie that had been published in a very pretentious paper, and that she had tried exactly as written. It said, "put in an ounce of saffron, to colour." So Ada Cavendish hied her to the chemist, and demanded an ounce of saffron accordingly. The chemist doubtfully said that it was a great deal, and in fact he would have to send elsewhere to fill the order; but the print was clear, and the amateur cook would have it just so. The saffron was got, and Ada made her pie for an old gentleman who was coming down and who had a great weakness for good living. It was not easy to get all the saffron in the dish, but it was done somehow; a lovely crust rose up, and the cook awaited the result with pride. She had announced to her visitor that—the pie was her own handiwork. He, pleasurable anticipant, plunged in the carving-knife. "Phew!—take it away, Ada, dear; take it away!" he cried. "It stinks." Then I told her of how an edition of Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" had to be sacrificed because it was misprinted "add an ounce" of a poison when a grain was meant. I told her this just in self-defence, to show her that it is never the clever journalist that makes a mistake, but always—the printer!

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MIDDLE CLASS GENEALOGIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Sir Walter Besant, in one of his works, protests against the neglect of genealogies among the middle classes. When we say middle classes here, we mean to include everybody who is neither of an historic family nor in hereditary possession of land. If you are in the former category, the Historic Muse herself looks after your ancestry; in the latter case there are charters, deeds, tombstones, family portraits to supply information. But as to us, *nous autres*, history is silent about our forebears: we are landless men, and we are very nomadic. I take it that at least almost everybody would like to know what his remote grandfathers were doing three hundred years ago, what manner of men they were, and how much of his own character is derived from them. Dukes and earls may easily know all this: *their* fathers were conspiring, and having their heads cut off, leading armies, making love to queens, ruining the Church, or backing the Kirk. Family portraits show what these heroes looked like in the body; and a nose, a complexion, a curl of the lips, or a "muckle mou'" may be traced for centuries if the inheritors care to take the trouble. We poor landless loons often know very little about our great-grandfathers, and as competition drives us hither and thither—to Africa, Australia, or where not—we forget the things which were to be known. To seek their English ancestors' graves and be curious about their fortunes is a pious trait more common among Americans than among ourselves. Sir Walter Besant asks us to be less indifferent, but how are we to fix any records of our mobile race? The old family Bible was a resource; the fly-leaf was the armorial of the *bourgeoisie*—here their pedigrees were enrolled in fading ink, as on the potsherd in "She." But now, one fears, the heavy old family Bible is little treasured. Any written register is very apt to be neglected or lost, and oral tradition is always vague, and generally full of vaulting ambitions. We are descended from kings, Huguenots, gypsies, or other picturesque people, so our maiden aunts have heard, they forgot on what authority. The science of heraldry once kept such matters clear, but the majority of us are not *armigeri*, and people sneer at heraldry as a "foolish old business." In fact, it is a cryptic form of historical record, and in no way deserves contempt, when the bearings are genuine.

Mr. Louis Stevenson, for one, was much concerned with his own remote family history. On one side, at least, he had famous preachers of his kin, and Border spearmen, who had ridden with the murderous Lairds of Auchendrane, and wild MacGregors, sons of Alpen, not to mention very traceable civil engineers. If we could go far enough back, we might all find people of interest in our pedigree. Of my own, I know as little as most people: a few rebels, a possible Border chief, a far-away link with Archbishop Sharp, and with some Covenanting ministers, rise dimly out of the past. One would like to know more about them, and where the MacWilliams went when they ceased to skulk after the Forty-Five. One finds people of one's name in many odd places of

history, and would gladly know if they were of one's blood. For example, I note a Franciscan monk who pretended to be a ghost; he is satirised by George Buchanan. Then there is a Provost of Kirkheugh, the Chapel Royal of St. Andrews, before the Reformation, and a Yeoman in Domesday Book, and a witch burned at Paisley (she was of the profession of the mother of Socrates), and a piper whipped for being as drunk as a piper, and a cardinal, and a correspondent of Eobanus, and two of the Scots Archer Guard about 1500; these occur among others, but whether they were remote uncles and aunts, I have no guess whatever. Since the Norman Conquest I fancy not one of them owned an acre, or bore arms of any traceable character.

Such is the common ignorance of the middle classes, which is certain to increase with the neglect of large, not portable family Bibles. Can Sir Walter Besant, or anyone, suggest a method of chronicling our ancestral small beer—a herald's office for the obscure? Everybody is driven like dust abroad, or into great towns, and our memories of our grandfathers perish in a most impious and "regardless" fashion. Every family might train a son as a Sennachie, and trust to his memory in the old Highland fashion. But the Clan Sennachie was well paid for his trouble, and probably few lads will undertake the task for nothing. As to family papers, *they* are sadly neglected, even in good old families. The rats gnaw them, impatient persons burn them as rubbish, and certainly a very large record office would be needed to hold the archives of the middle classes. Few families have kept theirs as the Verneys did; and without some central family mansion the task looks all but impossible.

Charming specimens of the printer's and binder's art are the miniature editions of "The Imitation of Christ" and "The Christian Year," which Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, has just issued. They are uniform with the delightful Thumb Prayer-Book, published by Mr. Frowde, and are bound in various styles. The type is wonderfully clear, and the finish of the tiny volumes is remarkable. One may also mention, among recent publications from the same house, "Oxford Helps to the Use of Hymns Ancient and Modern," which is certain to be appreciated, and only costs sixpence.

We have so frequently in these columns urged the claims of the British School of Archaeology at Athens to State recognition that we should not omit to say—although somewhat after date—that Sir William Harcourt, on the eve of his retirement, promised an annual grant of £500 for five years. At the end of that time the subsidy is to be subjected to revision, but there is no reason to suppose that the field for the labours of the School will be exhausted. Since the meeting presided over by the Prince of Wales in the summer, several handsome donations and subscriptions from private persons have been received, and this winter the work of the British School will be undertaken under more favourable auspices, and will no longer be a "byword among all nations," as it undoubtedly was when unrecognised by the State or by wealthy archaeologists.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A few comments and anecdotes relating to the Church Congress will not be out of place this week. Of course I do not interfere with the work of the regular reporter, but am content to go after him and glean. It seems that this year it was found difficult to get lay readers and speakers. There were seventy-three clerics among the announced speakers, and thirty-seven lay folk, reckoning in the ladies. And this is a larger proportion of the laity than has been usual of recent years. One writer cannot comprehend why the laymen should hang back. "Suffering as they do Sunday after Sunday from the uncontrolled verbosity of so many of the clergy, one would have thought they would have been thankful for such an opportunity as a Church Congress gives them of openly expressing opinions which they cannot air in church. At the British Association meeting there is no difficulty in getting laymen to speak on subjects that are dear to their hearts. Why should it not be the same at a Church Congress, where the questions dealt with are of far greater importance and of much wider interest?"

A working man from Birmingham, who spoke on gambling, said that if he had his will the men who took money for bets in the street, instead of being let off with a fine, should be sent to prison. He also condemned the practice of raising money for church purposes by means of raffles and such-like agencies at bazaars. A few years ago there was a considerable reaction against raffling at bazaars, but now it seems again to prevail everywhere, alike in Church and Dissent.

The Bishop of Norwich suggested at one of the meetings the reduction of the bishops' official incomes. He thought that the bishops ought not to be saddled with the expense of keeping up palaces, and he would gladly back any scheme that could be devised for supplying them with less costly places of abode.

Sir Charles Warren said that to his mind no discoveries at the present day, however important they were, could have any appreciable effect upon the credibility of the Scriptures, although they were of the highest importance as elucidating the Scriptures. The value of the discoveries was limited, to those who believed, to increasing their knowledge and confirming their faith. This seems to be good sense.

Father Ignatius managed to make a speech, and declared that discoveries in Babylon and Assyria and Egypt were intensely interesting, and they were also very amusing, but to quote them in support of the Old Testament seemed to him very much out of place. It was like bringing a dead body in contact with a living one.

The Rev. A. C. Headlam, a very promising young Oxford scholar, boldly declared that a free historical criticism should be accepted as the very best ally to Christianity. After two centuries of anxious criticism of the greater number of the books of the New Testament, they might say they believed them, not in spite of, but because of criticism. V.

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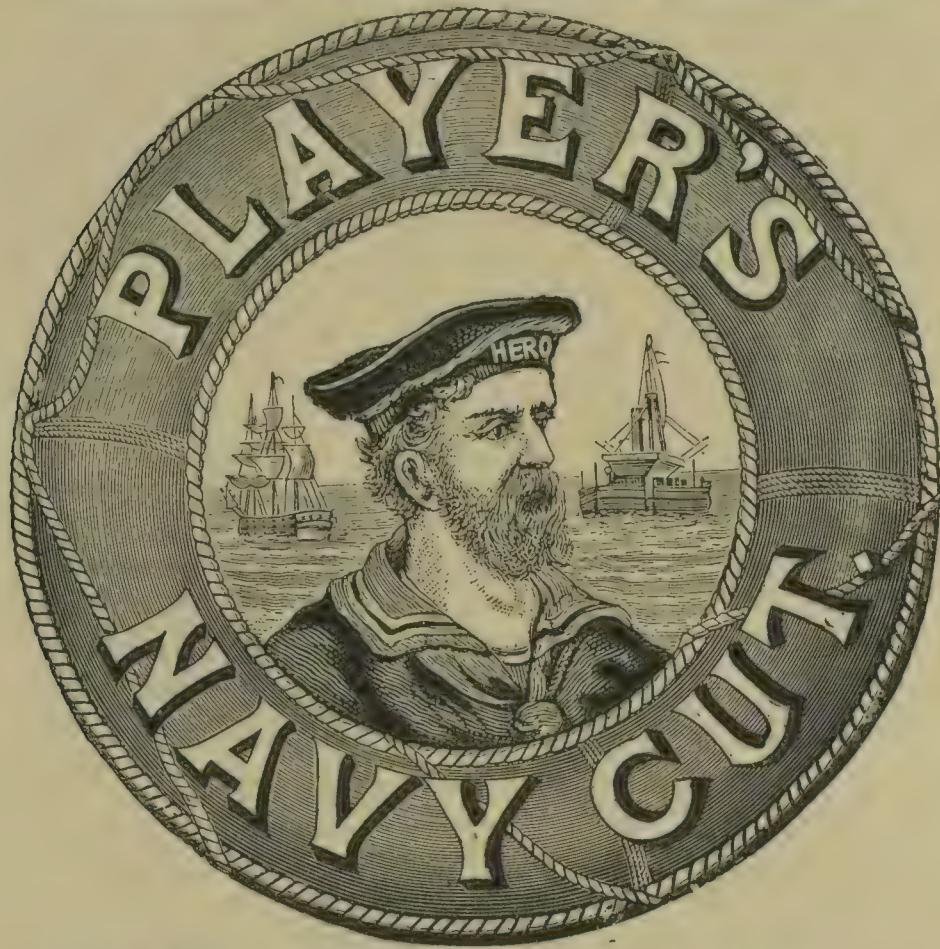


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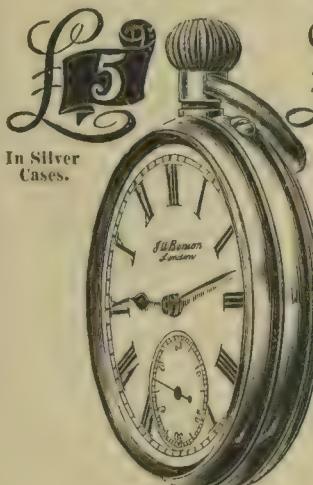
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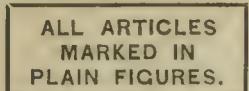
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated April 14, 1894) of Colonel James Cross Ormrod, J.P., of Halliwell Lodge, near Bolton, and Wyersdale Park, Scorton, both in the county of Lancaster, who died on June 12, was proved at the Manchester District Registry on Sept. 27 by Peter Ormrod and Oliver Ormrod, the brothers, and Thomas Henry Rushton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £105,084. The testator devises Lostock Farm, Halliwell Lodge, and the Marsh Fold property, to his son James Reginald; the Shiptons estate to his son Ernest; and there are various specific gifts to children, and pecuniary legacies to executors and others. The residue of his real and personal estates he leaves, in equal shares, to all his children, except the child who shall succeed to the North Lancashire freehold estates, under the will of his uncle Peter Ormrod.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Sheriffdom of Roxburgh, of the disposition and settlement (dated May 24, 1888) of Colonel Archibald Dickson, J.P., D.L., of Chatto and Huntlaw, who resided at Hassendeanburn, near Hawick, and Hans Place, London, and died on April 9, granted to Mrs. Alice Florence Seaburne May or Dickson, the widow, the executrix nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 5, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to £88,569.

The will (dated May 31, 1895), with a codicil (dated July 21 following), of Mr. George Leonard Turney, J.P., of

7, Champion Park, Denmark Hill, who died on July 26, was proved on Oct. 7 by Horace George Turney, M.D., the son, Henry James Turney, and Albert Thomas Turney, the nephews, and Miss Louisa Jewson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £86,923. The testator gives £100 each to the last three named executors; the lease of the Eagle Works, 166, Tooley Street, to his son James Neeve Turney; £12,000, upon trust, for his daughter Jessie Anna Arnold for life, then to pay £1000 to her husband, Charles Farnley Arnold, and to divide the remainder among her children in equal shares; and £12,000, upon similar trusts, for his daughter Clara Ellen Arnold, her husband, Edward Ernest Arnold, and her children. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves one moiety, upon trust, for his son James Neeve for life, and then for his children, and the other moiety to his son Horace George.

The will (dated July 10, 1891), with a codicil (dated Jan. 18, 1894), of Mr. Richard Marsh, of Westleigh Hall, Leigh, Lancashire, who died on July 6, was proved at the Liverpool District Registry on Sept. 9 by William Edward Marsh and Richard Thomas Marsh, the sons, and Miss Mary Matilda Susan Marsh, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £86,566. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to his said daughter; £7000 each to his sons, Richard Thomas, and Arthur; £7000, upon trust, for his son Reginald; £1000 to his sister, Mrs. Susan Jackson, but if she should predecease

him, then to her two daughters; £500 to his brother-in-law, George Lomax Topping; £50 to Joseph Jackson; and £100 to Mr. James Capstick Calvert. The residue of his estate and effects, both real and personal, he gives to his son William Edward absolutely.

The will (dated Dec. 28, 1893), with two codicils (dated Jan. 22, 1894, and Feb. 12, 1895), of Colonel Sir William Topham, formerly Lieutenant of the Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms, of Neirmont, Weybridge, who died on June 7, was proved on Oct. 4 by Dame Anne Tomlinson Topham, the widow, and Charles Wethered Willett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £68,902. The testator devises the Caldburgh estate, the Marwood estate, the Conistone estate, Yorkshire, and his houses at Dover to the use of his wife, for life, with remainder to his nephew, Thomas Harrison, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons successively, according to seniority in tail male. Certain pictures, jewellery, etc., are made heirlooms to go with the settled estates. There are some bequests to Lady Topham and others; and the residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his said nephew, Thomas Harrison.

The Irish probate, sealed at Dublin, of the will (dated Feb. 17, 1877) of Sir John Stephen Robinson, Bart., of Rokeby Hall, Dunleer, county Louth, who died on May 21, granted to Sir Gerald William Collingwood Robinson, Bart., the son, the acting executor, was resealed in London

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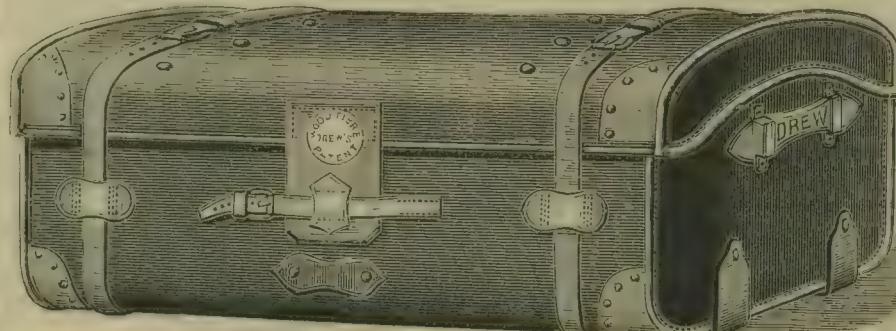
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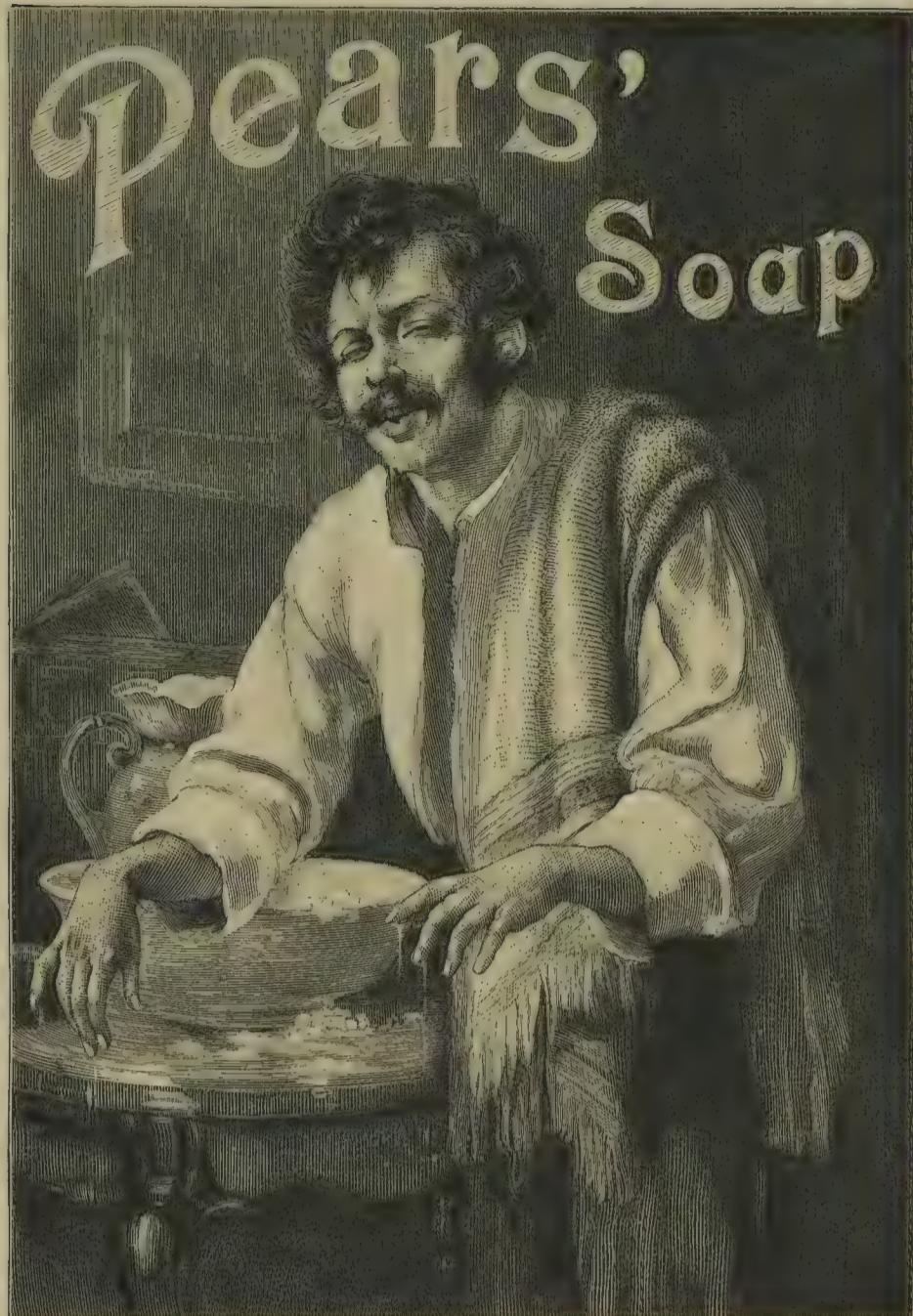
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carried the utensils necessary to prepare their food. Those utensils consisted of a large iron pail—changed since then for one of watertight canvas—a big saucepan (*marmite*) and a mess-dish (*gamelle*). One man carried the pail, the second the saucepan, the third the dish, and the fourth just as in the ballad of Malbrouck, “carried nothing at all.” Apart from the unsightly appearance of a company or battalion on the march under such circumstances, there was a graver drawback to that arrangement. If one or two of the group happened for some reason or other to remain en route, the rest had to do without their dinner for want of something to cook it in, or eat it out of. In the beginning of 1887 an army contractor or an officer of the name of Bonthéou hit upon a contrivance which gave each man his saucepan and his dish to himself—both much smaller than the others, consequently more handy to carry.

One would have thought that the Minister for War could have sanctioned the introduction of the new

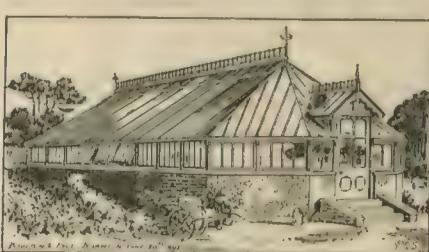
contrivance on his own responsibility. Had it been a question of displacing 50,000 or 60,000 troops, he need not have consulted the Chambers. No one could have asked a question with regard to the sudden promotion of a dozen officers; but this small improvement he could not effect without giving each deputy a chance of holding forth on the subject.

“Why?” asks the inexperienced foreigner. Should he ask the question of a patriotic and discreet Frenchman, his interlocutor would probably give him an evasive answer. If hardly pressed he might tell him that the recommended reform involved an outlay of many thousand francs, and that the money of the nation should not be spent without due supervision and careful examination of the objects it is to be expended on. The equally patriotic but more outspoken Gaul would probably put a different complexion on the matter. “The projected reform,” he would say, “involves an outlay of many thousand francs,

all of which will find their way into the pockets of the contractor manufacturing the new article. What about the *pots-de-vin*? [anglise, “the commission on the transaction”] Is the hard-working deputy to be deprived of his share—he who only receives twenty-five francs per day for his hard work, although in his own profession he could not have earned a third of that sum? Certainly not. That is why his predecessors in framing the laws took care that no money should be spent without their assent.”

Both the reticent and outspoken interlocutors may be right—or wrong; but the principle of having to ask for such votes for special credit is not altogether bad, in view of the Frenchman’s ineradicable love of change. And that fickleness is nowhere so conspicuous as in his insatiable craving for novelty in the army. Asking for special credits is not to be despised altogether, but it can and often is carried too far.

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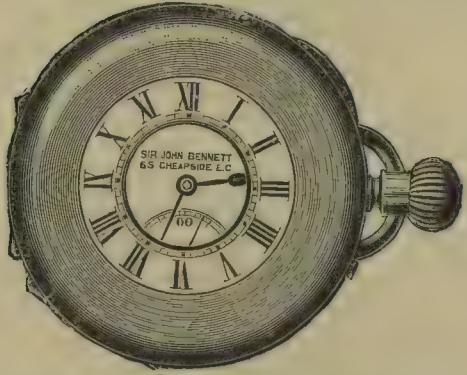
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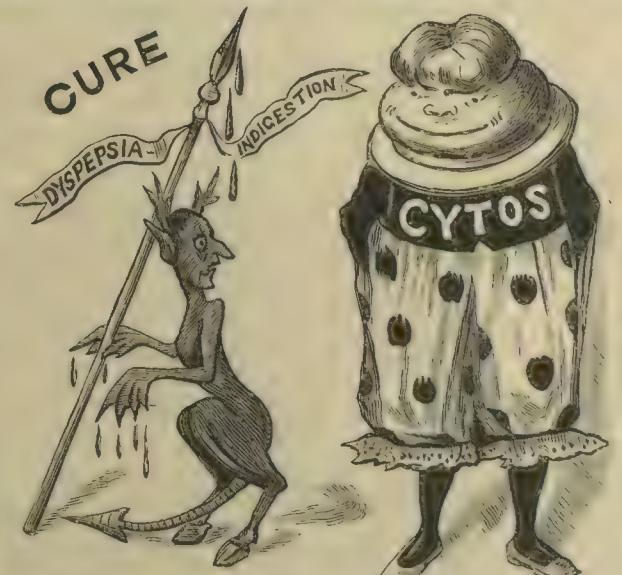
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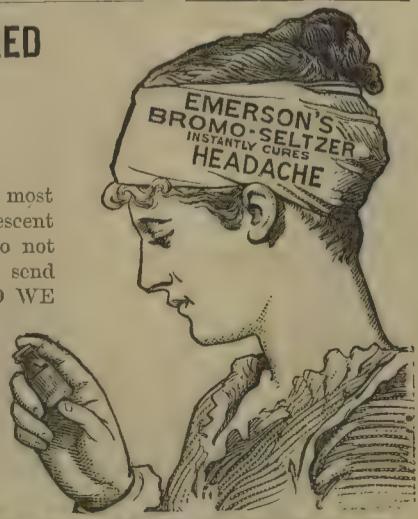
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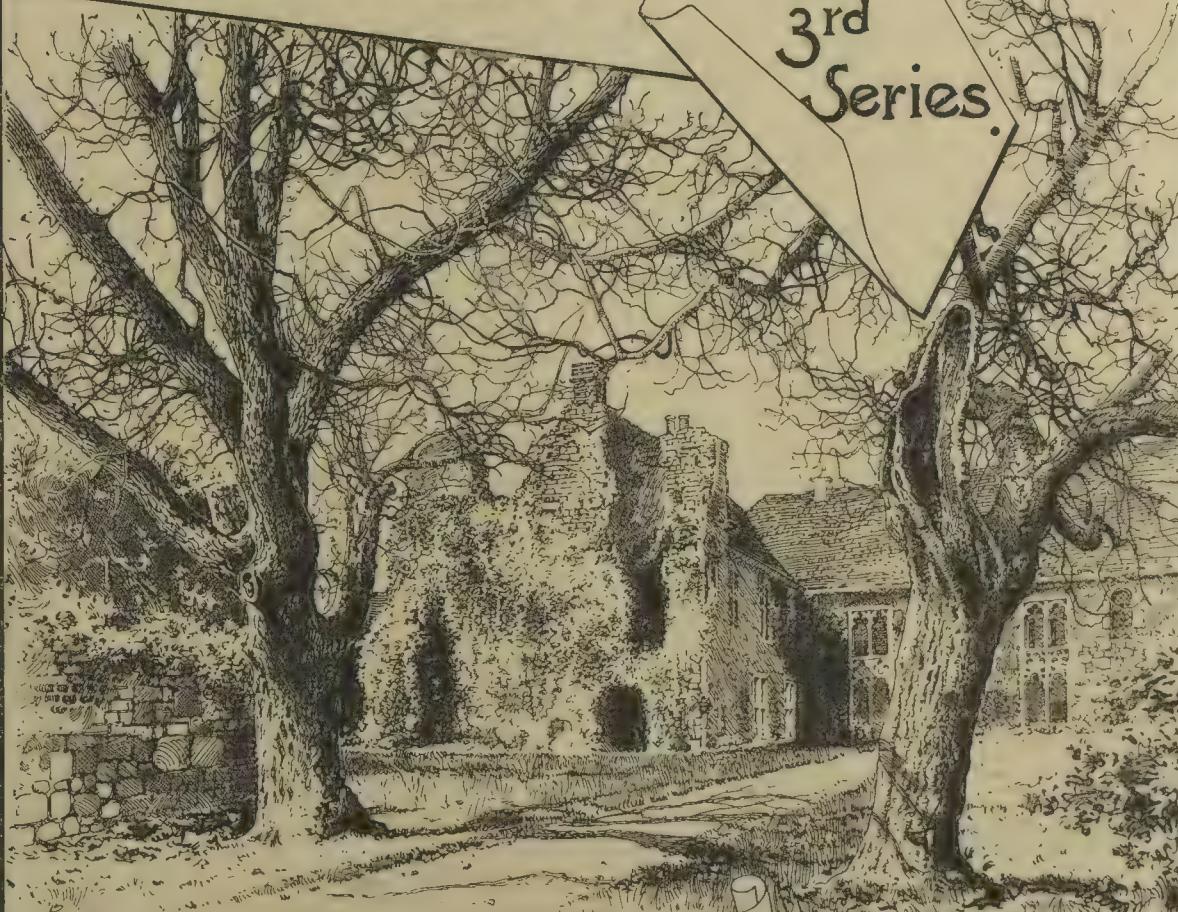
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WESTMINSTER ABBEY, FROM THE DEAN'S GARDEN.

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HEXHAM ABBEY, NORTHUMBERLAND.



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WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE CHOIR.



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CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL, SUSSEX.

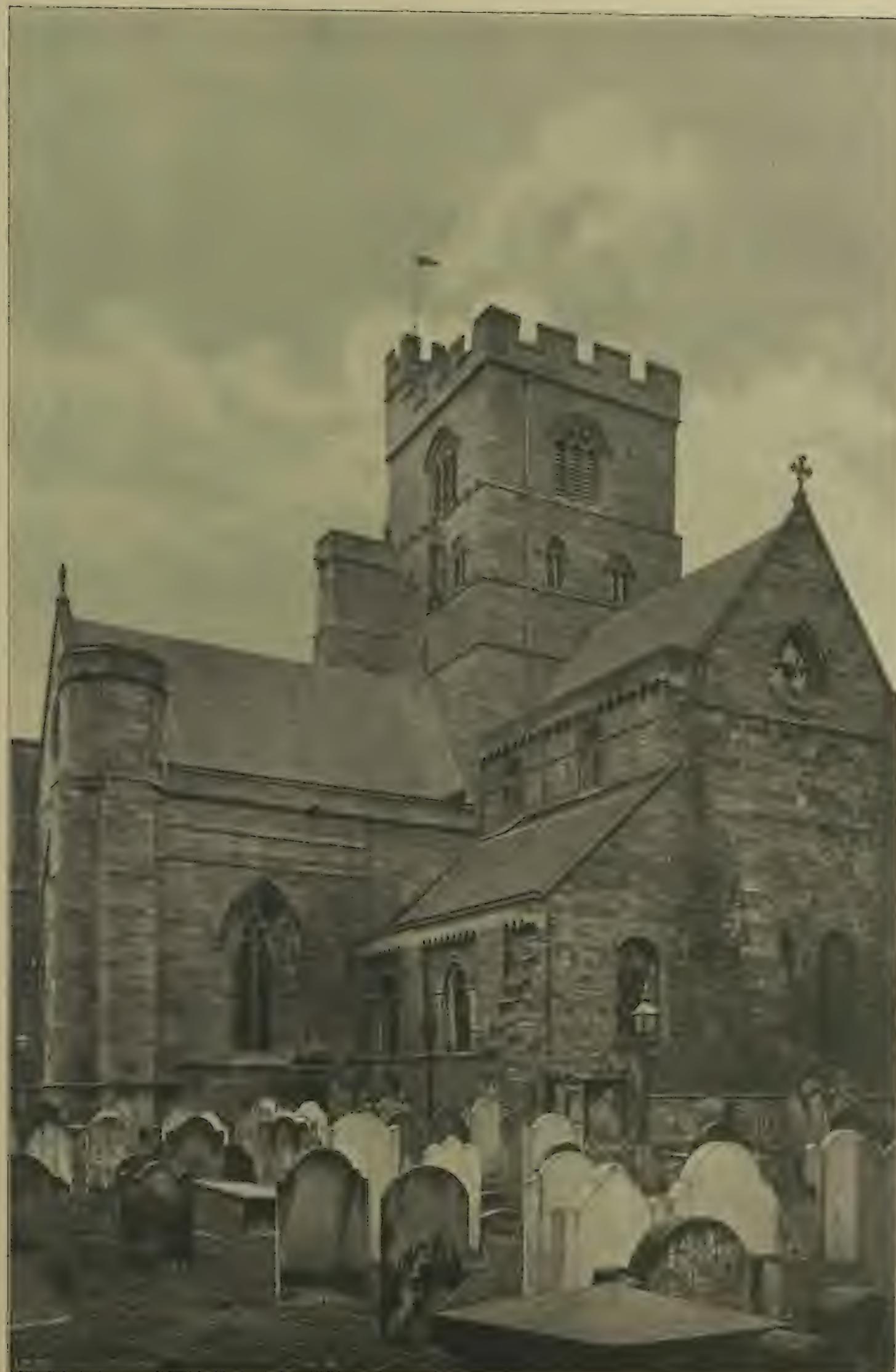


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CARLISLE CATHEDRAL, CUMBERLAND.



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TEWKESBURY ABBEY, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

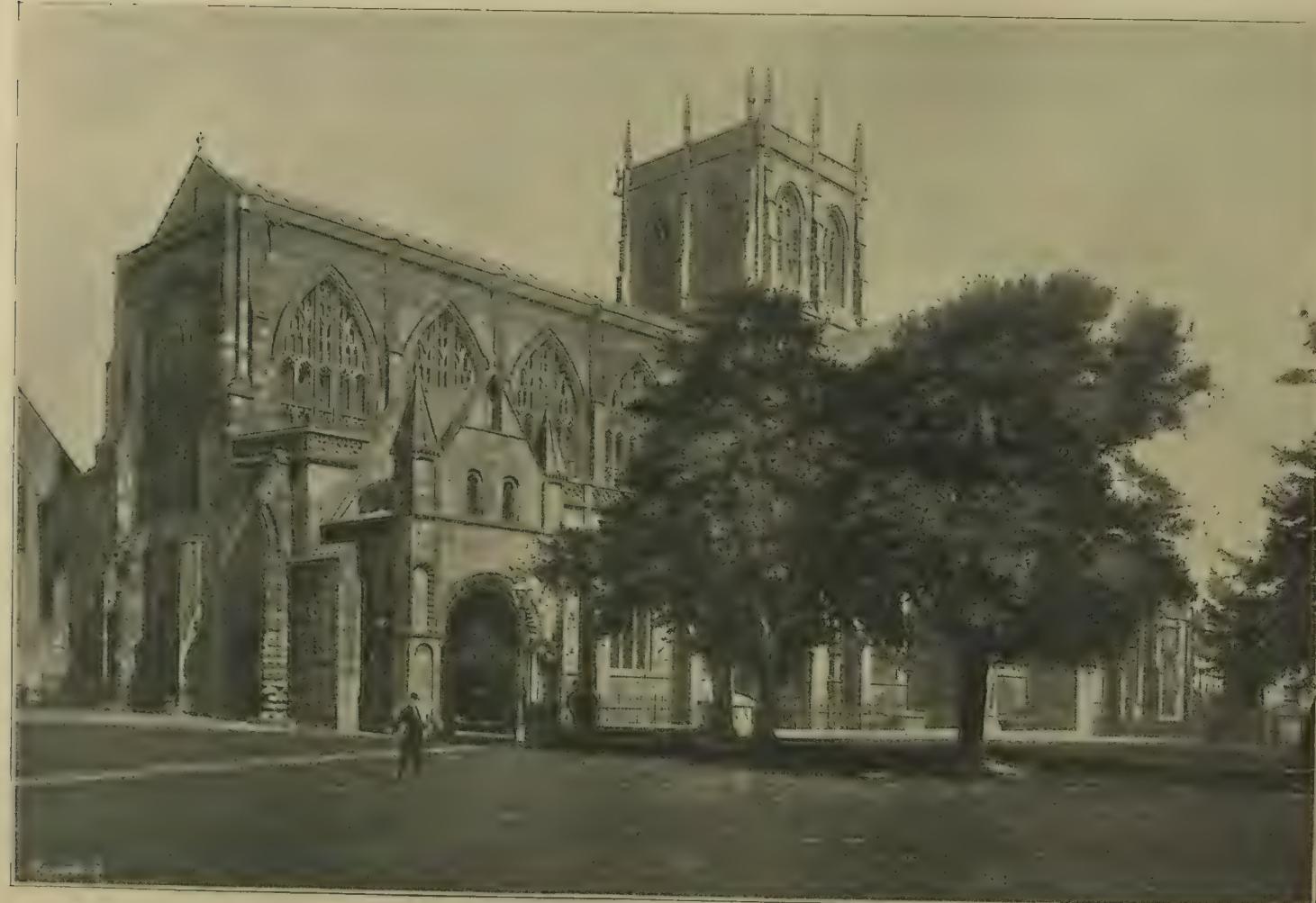


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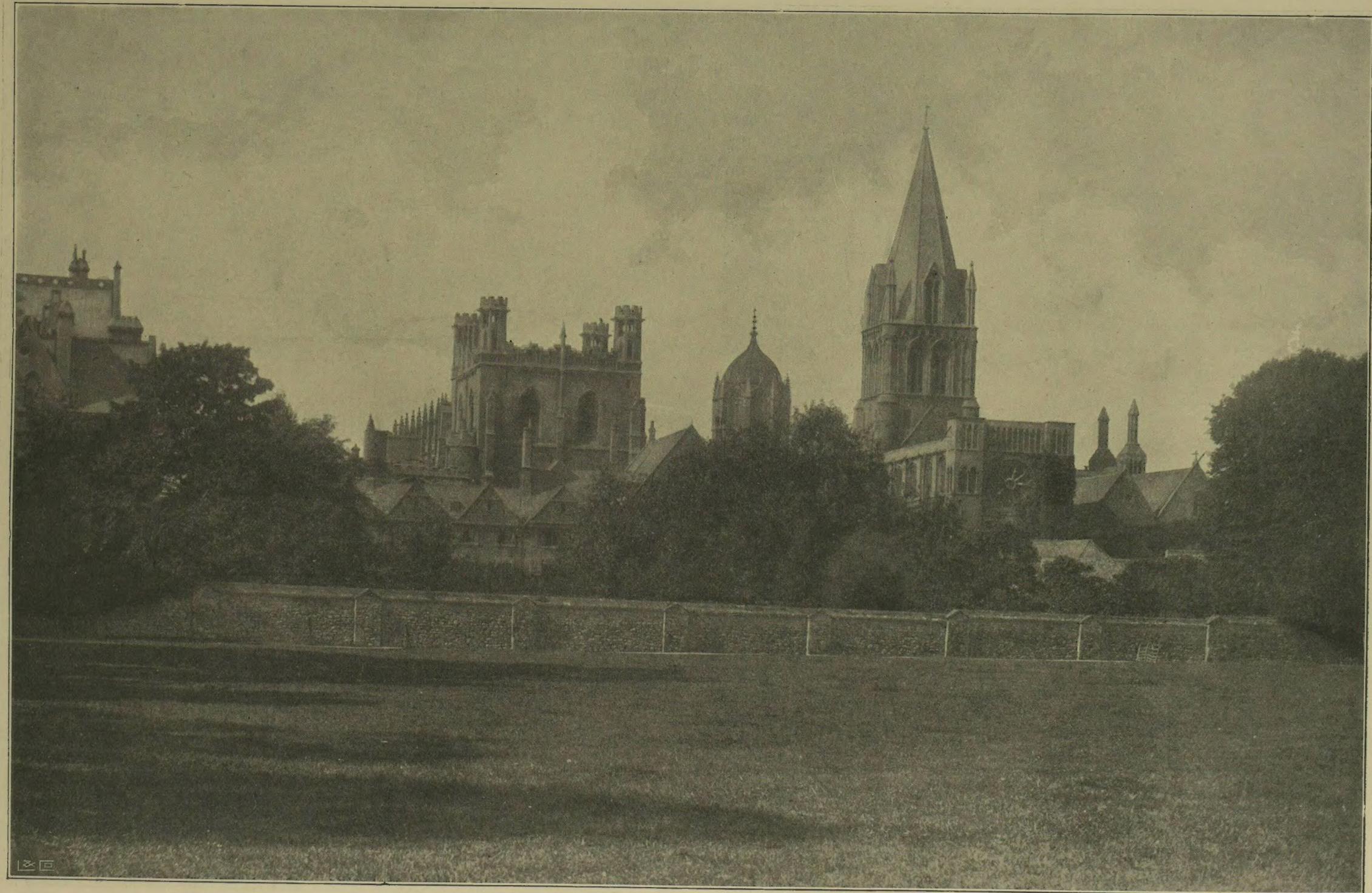


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THE CATHEDRAL, CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.

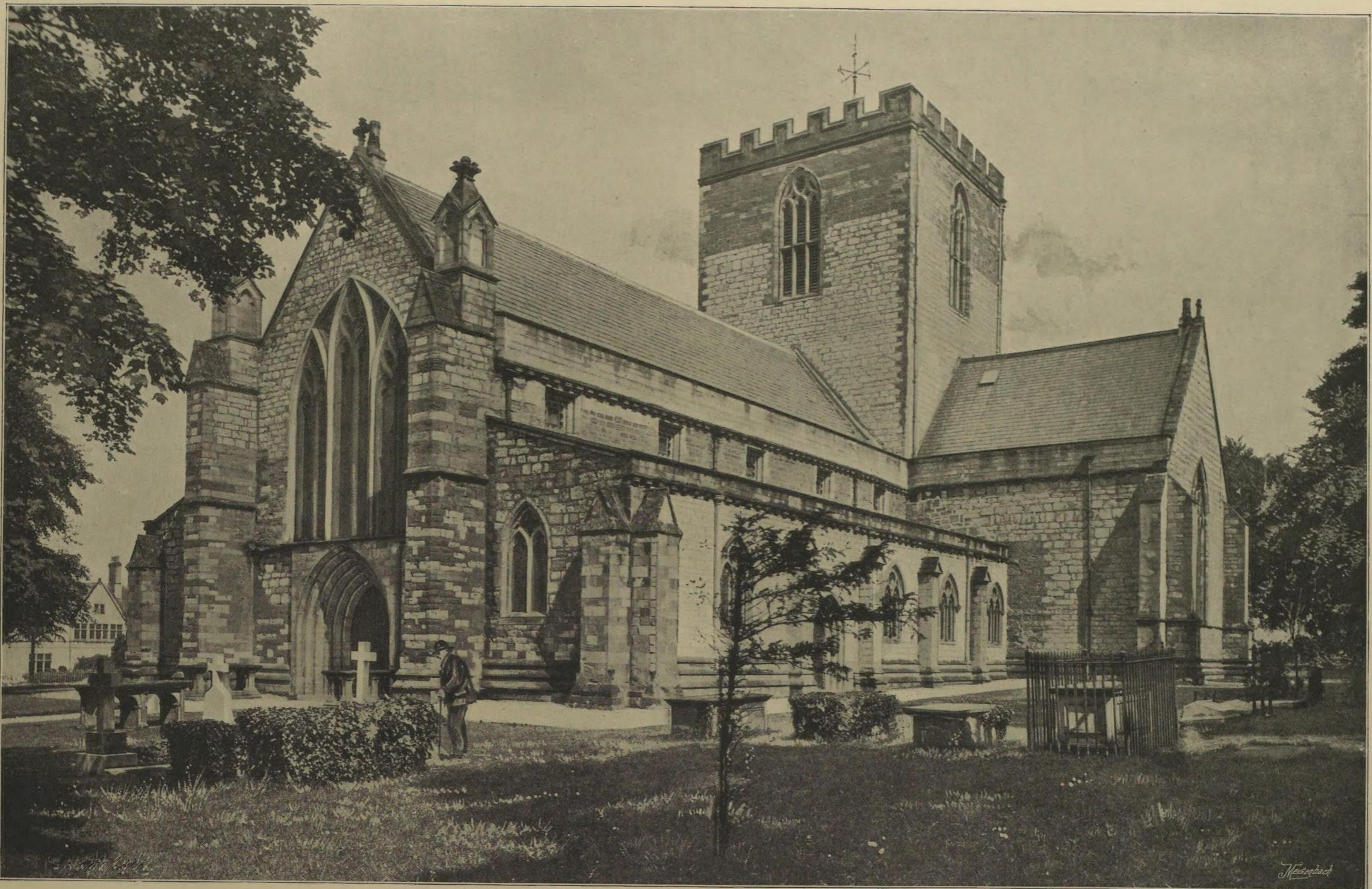


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'Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou livest, LIVE WELL.'—MILTON.

SIGNS of the TIMES: PRESENT and PAST.

'NOTHING can work me Harm
BUT MYSELF.'

THE HARM that I sustain
I CARRY about WITH ME; and
I AM NEVER a REAL SUFFERER
BUT BY MY OWN FAULT.'

OR, in OTHER WORDS,
CARLYLE SAYS:

TO REFORM a WORLD
TO REFORM a NATION
NO WISE MAN WILL UNDERTAKE;
AND ALL but FOOLISH MEN know
THAT THE ONLY SOLID, though a
FAR SLOWER REFORMATION,
IS what EACH BEGINS and
PERFECTS on HIMSELF.

MORAL:

DO the DUTY WHICH LIES NEAREST
THEE,
WHICH thou KNOWEST to be a DUTY;
THY SECOND DUTY WILL ALREADY
have become CLEARER.
NEVER GIVE WAY to WHAT IS LITTLE;
BY THAT LITTLE, ^{Or} HOWEVER YOU
MAY DESPISE IT,
YOU will be PRACTICALLY GOVERNED.
WHAT HIGHER AIM can MAN ATTAIN
THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?
THE GREAT DANGER of
BLOOD POISONS, SMALLPOX,
FEVER and MALARIOUS DISEASES.

DR. W. B. CARPENTER, F.R.S.,

In one of a series of lectures under the auspices of the National Health Society, speaking of Zymotic Diseases (infectious diseases), susceptibility to take them, he held, came in some cases from a poisoned condition of the blood, arising from the body retaining some portion of the wastes. These wastes, when not removed, were re-absorbed into the blood, and acted as a ready soil from which disease would germinate.

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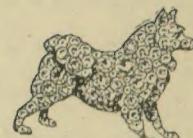
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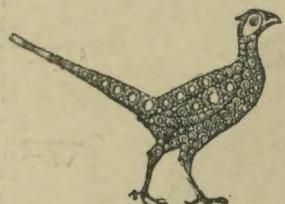
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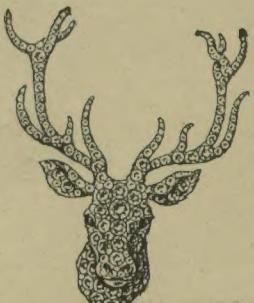
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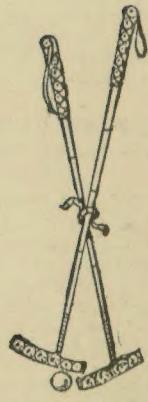
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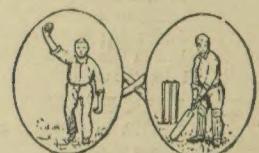
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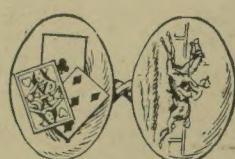
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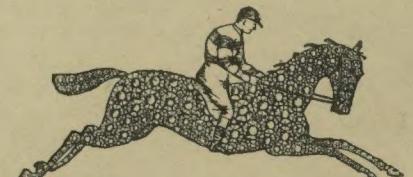
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